SRL 1944 GUIDE TO BOOKS ON MUSIC

THE Saturday Review OF LITERATURE

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THE "DOUBLE L" ARSENAL
by Leo M. Cherne

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"LIANA"
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"SUNBURST"
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"THE RUSSIAN ARMY, ITS MEN, ITS LEADERS, AND ITS BATTLES"
by Walter Kerr
Reviewed by Brig. Gen. Donald Armstrong

E. R. STETTINIUS, JR., who tells the story of the weapon behind victory . . . (See page 3)

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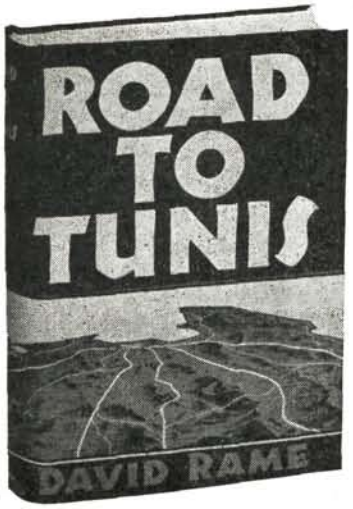

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1937-1943

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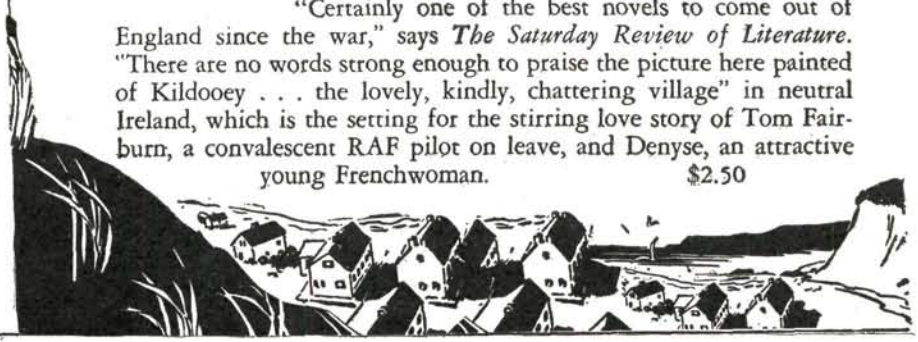

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The "Double L" Arsenal

Mr. Stettinius Tells the Story of the Weapon That Saved America

LEO M. CHERNE

LEND LEASE: Weapon for Victory. By E. R. Stettinius, Jr. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1943. 358 *pp.* $3.

IN 1939, the United States was in no mood to accept "M-Day" plans. Unheeded went the warning that if war struck it would take months, and in some cases years, for America's resources to be converted to the new martial requirements. In the case of some munitions, no domestic plant even knew the first steps of manufacture.

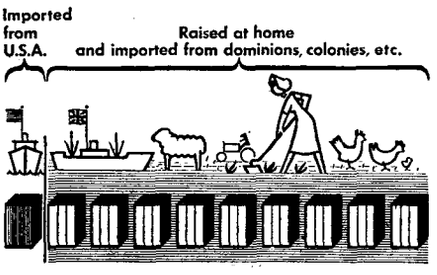
The astute German officers who, by courtesy, were permitted to study in the Army Industrial College and the Army War College during the middle thirties, learned well the necessity for intensive preparation—and learned, too, that timely preparation was not likely in America. They saw Congress disapprove funds for the fortification of Pacific islands. The same bill whittled down the modest War Department request for funds for educational orders to be placed with private peacetime industries. "Whadaya mean, they wouldn't know how to make the stuff?" Congress demanded. "They did it last time, didn't they? And anyway, we can keep out this time!"

America was on the road to defeat.

It is at this point that the saga observed, then directed, now told by Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., begins. While Congress was turning thumbs down on educational orders, the Anglo-French purchasing program was desperately teaching American production the meaning of modern mechanized and aerial war. By the time the Lend-Lease Act was passed, the total capital investment of these two countries in American war industry was already over two hundred million dollars. Our willingness to sell our war goods for cash on the barrelhead was even less philanthropic than the uneleemosynary phrase "cash-and-carry" suggests. Despite the millions of English and French dollars already poured in, despite the millions for new plants to be constructed, machine tools to be bought, assembly lines to be organized, only a total of 661 planes had been received by the two belligerents up to the time France fell in May, 1940.

This was the first phase of America's defense, brilliantly told in this book by one of the few men in a position to have followed the story in all its details. As Chairman of the War Resources Board in 1939, as industrial materials director of the National Defense Advisory Commission in 1940, as director of the Priorities Division of the Office of Production Management in 1941, and as Administrator of Lend-Lease from August, 1941, until his present appointment as Under-Secretary of State in September, 1943, the young, handsome, white-haired industrial aristocrat, Stettinius, was in the center of the evolving "inside."

THE second phase of American preparedness started on March 11, 1941, when the Lend-Lease bill became law. The law was precipitated by Great Britain's crisis. In January, 1941, British dollar resources were down so low that almost all British contracting in the United States had stopped. We had to answer squarely the question of whether Britain should be left to face the Nazi onslaught without supplies simply because she lacked money. We were brought to a sharp recognition of the unique character of "total war," in which men, resources, and material count for everything and money for very little. That was the principle written into Lend-Lease.



—*From the book*

Britain's Food Supply

It set off a bitter and violent debate. On one side were those who argued: "You're giving away the defenses of the United States. . . . You're willfully involving the American people in war." On the other side there was Secretary Morgenthau's blunt declaration: "If Congress does not act on this bill, there is nothing left for Great Britain to do but stop fighting." And Secretary Stimson's words: "We are not seeking to make a loan to Great Britain. We are really seeking to purchase her aid in our defense. We are buying—not lending. We are buying our own security while we prepare."

In more basic terms, the United States had taken its stand against isolationism and for collective security.

How well Lend-Lease helped us prepare is shown by the fact that between the date it swung into action and Pearl Harbor, more than five and a half billion dollars' worth of Lend-Lease contracts were priming American companies for conversion to war production. These dollars meant new factories, shipyards, processing plants, storage depots. They meant that this country had not only helped Britain hold off the Germans but—despite its previous policy of unpreparedness—had an expanded arsenal of war production to which it could turn immediately on December 7, 1941.

With Pearl Harbor came the third phase of American mobilization for war, and expansion of Lend-Lease. And with it came many difficult questions. How should supplies from "the arsenal of democracy" be allocated? Mr. Stettinius spreads the record through the pages of this book. It is a record as large as the world and as charged with drama as the question of whether supplies for Britain would reach her in time in her hour of crisis. To China, to Russia, to Great Britain, and to all the theaters of war, from Egypt and North Africa to India and New Guinea, flowed the desperately needed Lend-Lease supplies. Mr. Stettinius describes

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in detail exactly what went where. It turned out to be a record of victories against the Axis which would otherwise almost certainly not have been written.

We learn here for the first time the full details of the exact distribution of Lend-Lease supplies among the United Nations; but the record is even more interesting as a testament to the slowly developing mutual trust and understanding of the Allies than for the figures it reports.

Mr. Stettinius, however, avoids some of the interesting questions raised by those figures. Why, for instance, did China receive such a small proportion of the $12,900,000,000 aid?* On a picturesque chart at page 304, showing the rivers of Lend-Lease up to July, 1943, China is lumped together with India, Australia, and New Zealand in the narrowest stream. Transportation difficulties and the decisions of over-all military strategy undoubtedly played their part here, but the problem would seem to call for fuller discussion than Mr. Stettinius has given it.

The book is more satisfactory in answering those who want to know whether and how the drain of Lend-Lease is affecting supplies for our own forces. One major policy underlies distribution. "Lend-Lease is a flexible mechanism geared to the month-by-month requirements of our over-all war strategy. Our planes are assigned, as they come off the production lines, to the forces and to the theaters of war where they can strike the hardest blows. . . . No American soldier ever goes without the proper fighting equipment because of Lend-Lease. . . . We in this country have been able to produce more weapons than we could bring to bear with maximum effect on the enemy. . . ."

Hence, we are able to Lend-Lease about sixteen out of every hundred planes we build; about thirty-eight out of every hundred tanks; about one out of ten trucks.

There have been some complaints in this country that Lend-Lease shipments of food have been "taking the bread out of our mouths." The fact is that only a six per cent slice of our food production went abroad in 1942. The slice was bigger by four per cent in 1943; but our farmers have turned out more than enough to make up for these shipments. Any "shortages" we feel are due to the increased earnings of the average American family, and to the fact that ten million American men in the armed forces are eating as they never ate before.

Mr. Stettinius points out that Reverse Lend-Lease has actually helped ease the food situation somewhat. For instance, instead of being called on to send enormous quantities of food to our troops in Australia and New Zealand, these countries supply free of charge almost ninety per cent of the food eaten by our boys in those parts of the world.

In the British Isles, Reverse Lend-Lease supplies quarters, operational facilities, airfields, hospitals for our troops entirely without cost. Almost $1,175,000,000 worth of aid had been given to American troops by the nations of the British Commonwealth up to June 30, 1943, not counting the undetermined amount for Reverse Lend-Lease in North Africa and other areas.

Even Russia and China, hard-pressed as they have been, have given supplies and services whenever and wherever they could.

The question of Reverse Lend-Lease raises one of the few areas of confusion in Mr. Stettinus's otherwise admirably clear book. There is a temptation to think of Reverse Lend-Lease as *payment,* in some measure, for the goods the United States has shipped abroad. But the matter of payment is irrelevant in considering the Lend-Lease program. "Payment" is in the damage done by the British or Russian or Chinese soldiers shooting American rifles or driving American tanks against the enemy.

Yet the constant emphasis in this book, as in all of Washington's handling of Lend-Lease publicity, is on the dollar value of the materials we have shipped. Inevitably, this sets Lend-Lease in the framework of a commercial transaction rather than the tactic of military logistics which it is.

Washington has done a bad job of informing the public as to the real nature of Lend-Lease, and Mr. Stettinius has missed his chance to drop the dollar sign in this book.

In the North African invasion, goods and supplies from many of the United Nations were mixed together and used together in the common fight, without bookkeepers standing on the battlefield to take careful inventory. This fact alone—repeated on many fronts and more to come—would make any accurate accounting impossible. More important, however, is the basic concept of Lend-Lease, illustrated in a simple story by President Roosevelt. "Suppose my neighbor's house catches fire, and I have a length of garden hose four or five hundred feet away. If he can take my garden hose and connect it up with his hydrant, I may help him put out the fire." And, especially if the fire is threatening to

(*Continued on page* 10)

*Figures given in book are as of July 1943. Lend-Lease as of Dec. 1, 1943, was in excess of $18,000,000.

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Good Will Without Hope

WORK AND PLAY: MEN OF GOOD WILL. By Jules Romains. Vol. XI. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 652 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by SIDNEY L. MCGEE

WARS may come and wars may go, but "Men of Good Will" goes on forever, crawling at its snail's pace through the middle 1920's. It has been twenty-one months since the publication of Volume X, "The New Day," the action of which took place in 1922. The action of Volume XI takes place during the winter of 1923-24. At this rate . . . (Oh, to have been the first to suggest that the men of good will were the readers!)

"Work and Play" shows faint signs of heading up toward a new climax which, however, by the dictates of history and of the author's speed, cannot come before Volume XX, or thereabouts.

In this marathon "Comédie Humaine" of twentieth-century France the individual volumes, with few exceptions, suffer in structural unity from being only parts of the whole. This volume is the worst offender of the series, in this respect. There is no concession whatever to the occasional reader, and the volume is a medley of unfinished themes.

At the end of "The New Day," Jules Romains left his men of good will looking hopefully toward the new light coming from Russia. In the present volume there is no hope. Apathy has settled on all the major characters except Jerphanion, from which they cannot be stirred even by the emergence of Mussolini or by the suggestion that "Germany is at this moment swarming with adventurers of the same stamp, men whose strong cards are energy, a belief in the power of the human will, and a fixed idea."

Even Jerphanion, now thirty-seven, has lost the keen edge of the revolutionary fervor he once had. He is now high in the councils of the middle-of-the-road Radical-Socialist Party and a candidate for a seat in the Chamber of Deputies. He admits ruefully that his job is no longer to build a new world, but to save the old. This can be done only through the preservation of peace, he believes.

He therefore wants to write peace into the Party platform as the paramount issue. His political patron, Bouitton, an old campaigner and a former cabinet minister, reminds him, however, that to the people who vote "the fall of the franc is a matter of greater importance than the reconstruction of Europe." Jerphanion would trust the Germans. "If we don't trust them," he says, "we shall never achieve any reconciliation, which means that we shall be stampeded blindly into a new war." To which Bouitton replies, "All I ask is that you shouldn't try to persuade our fellow countrymen that because France wants peace, other countries necessarily want it too."

Jerphanion stands alone; nobody seems to catch his fervor for peace. Jallez, his closest friend, advises him to look to his own happiness instead of trying to reform the world. Laulerque, once the most militant of radicals, is unmoved by his proposal to organize a Peace Party, and even Odette, Jerphanion's wife, is less concerned with his views than with her intuitive fears that his public success will destroy their conjugal happiness. But since his political career halts in mid-air at the end of the volume, so do her fears. Haverkamp, the capitalist, is not even interested.

Jules Romains follows his established custom of carrying along several sets of characters simultaneously in order to give a composite picture of society. In this volume, however, his compass is less broad than in earlier volumes. There is no hint, for example, as to the situation of labor or of the *petite bourgeoisie,* and although there is a variety of political opinion expressed, its range extends only from the moderate liberalism of Jerphanion to the ultra-conservatism of the reactionaries. Only Bouitton hits the nail of France's political dilemma on the head when he says that the country "has never completely recovered from the shocks to which she was exposed between 1789 and 1815," that is, from the "morbid and incurable violence of attitude between the Right and the Left."

Jules Romains continues the inexorable course of his series.

A good quarter of the volume is devoted to a double murder mystery among the mountain folk of Velay. The story is told through the deductions of amateur psychologists, of whom Jerphanion is one. It is both interesting and exciting, but, like the other themes of the book, it remains unfinished.

As one puts down this book and peers into the future, a disturbing thought comes. Just where are the men of good will headed? All save Jerphanion are already defeated, and Jerphanion, in his idealism, is leaning toward the chimera of collaboration with Germany. Can it be that he is to become a dupe of an Otto Abetz, and thus a victim of his own good intentions? Can it be that Jules Romains is building a cynical, ironical opus on the futility of men of good will?

Sonnet

By Ruth R. Korper

SO strikes the summer on an inch of green
Down where the ant the arcs of grasses treads,
That weeds, minute and fierce, the flowers screen
Who push from thready roots their timid heads.
So neatly curls the worm, so calm the breeze,
The lacquered lady bug alights again
Nearby the stem where some green Hercules
Shoulders his globe—a shining drop of rain.

So small they are, precarious and frail
The little lives all dangers do surround,
They hold as foes the robin and the snail;
A blossom's stir the beetle can confound,
And when a leaf-fall makes the spider start
There drops a stillness on my giant heart.

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The Values of Martha Gellhorn

LIANA. By Martha Gellhorn. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1944. 285 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

WITHIN the small circle of a French Caribbean island and the tight triangle of three characters, Miss Gellhorn has made a novel that grows in power and interest under the reader's eyes. Of course, all novels grow or should grow in the telling, but in many the promise of the whole is sooner seen than it is in "Liana." Two-thirds of this book are past before one realizes that it will end by being more than a commonplace story in an exotic setting. Strong emotions animate the action from the beginning, but they are described rather than communicated, and the reader's own emotions remain largely untouched until the tale is almost told. Yet, for this very reason, the cumulative impression and the emotional impact of the tragic conclusion are all the more effective, as well as surprising. The characters have grown in stature and significance, their fates matter: we care, and we are moved.

Marc Royer, the richest man on the little island of St. Boniface, has married his beautiful mulatto mistress, Liana, partly from desire, partly from a wish to spite Marie—also his mistress, and his brother's widow—who would not marry him. (I have spoken of three characters, not four, because Marie, whatever the author's intention, is never integrated successfully with the central action. She stands just outside it, more of a hindrance than a help, since her function remains undefined and her importance in Marc's life is only asserted, not demonstrated. Miss Gellhorn could have had as good a book without her; perhaps a better one.) However that may be, it is Pierre Vauclain, a young school teacher from France, who, after his country's collapse, comes to form the third side of the dramatic triangle. Marc engages him to teach Liana—lovely Liana, who has never read a book in her twenty-one years—and, with a trust that must be rare in the tropics, gives the two young people the unchaperoned run of the island. Marc is middle-aged, coarse, and selfishly sensual; Pierre is strong and handsome and lonely; Liana is warm-blooded and romantic. The reader does not wonder what will happen, but only how long the happening will be delayed. When Marc takes a brief September holiday fleeing from the heat of St. Boniface, Pierre and Liana become lovers.

Martha Gellhorn in Cuba.

But it is September of 1942, and events come fast to disturb a union that has begun naturally and joyfully. American forces land in North Africa, where Frenchmen first resist them and then join them as allies. The United States, having long courted a Vichy admiral, blockades the French islands of the Caribbean. Both Marc and Pierre are roused by individual challenges. Marc is awakened to the task of making the island he loves self-sufficient, of organizing its economy in the fact of blockade, while Pierre hears the voice of a resurgent France calling him to come home and fight. When both men meet their challenges like men, facing the future, Liana dwindles to a figure of the past. They do not forget her, each does his best to provide for her; but their provisions fail to solve her problem, and she is left to effect her own solution amid a tragic complex of misunderstandings.

The moral and physical values of Miss Gellhorn's world, as displayed in "Liana," the only book of hers that I have read, are not unfamiliar; nor are the accents and thrusts of her style. One might examine this novel with the idea of measuring the effects of a dominating literary influence, but in this case I think it is just as well to follow an improvised critical maxim of the late George Saintsbury: *de vivis nil nisi necessarium.* And surely it is not necessary to discuss an influence so obvious and so salutary. But a minor complaint may be recorded against a dubious practice:—that of sparsely peppering with French phrases the conversation of a novel, in English, in which everyone is assumed to be speaking French. Far from assisting an illusion, this practice serves only to undermine the basic assumption, by reminding the reader that the characters are *not,* for the most part, speaking their native language.

Influences and minor complaints aside, however, Miss Gellhorn, before she is done with Liana the girl and "Liana" the novel, gives you something by which to remember both character and author.

Mildred Walker's Spirit of Compassion

WINTER WHEAT. By Mildred Walker. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1943. 306 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BESS JONES

MRS. Walker has come a long way since "Fireweed," Hopwood prize-winning first novel that began her sound and steadily developing writing career. Yet it would be more accurate perhaps to use the figure of another kind of dimension—depth rather than distance, breadth rather than length. She still very wisely limits herself to what she knows she can do—stories of people she has grown up with and understands, living in places familiar to her, and moving in events which, if not the most dramatic in fiction, at least carry genuine conviction. Modest, dignified, credible—do these seem tame virtues in a book? Never mind. By adhering to them she brings to a literary world that, fictionally speaking, is often specious when not downright bare, qualities the novel seriously needs if it is to have any value at all. She adds to them, moreover, a warm, simple, direct way of writing that refuses to dwindle into artiness yet manages to avoid the flatness and self consciousness of the deliberately understated. Above all, she brings a spirit of compassion. I am not sure where compassion leaves off and sentimentality begins with her, but if the line is so fine as all that, it can scarcely matter.

Mrs. Walker's story is told in the first person. That is a literary device which, so far as I am concerned, always places a piece of fiction under a severe initial handicap. She overcame it in the first few paragraphs, chiefly because it was clear even then that the style made the heroine. And I liked the heroine, a girl who frankly enjoyed living on a remote ranch in Montana, watching the wheat grow, looking at the sky, caring for animals,

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and being alone. She even liked her parents, an oddly assorted pair that had met and married in Archangel but had homesteaded over here because the little New England town Ben Webb came from did not take kindly to a Russian peasant girl nor she to the town. The daughter, who is happily without the snobbery that would, in a lesser person or another community, have made an American child ashamed of a foreign mother, goes to college, falls in love, comes home, passes through a severe spiritual and emotional crisis of loss, despair, and disillusionment with all she has valued, ends by regaining her balance and deepened understanding of what her unhappiness had momentarily distorted.

A simple, uncomplicated story, which though it lacks powerful action is full of moving incidents. In what is essentially a novel of character and place rather than plot, the creation of Ellen's mother, Anna Petrovna Webb, and the vivid sense of place and region are themselves major achievements.

The Attitudes of Americans

MAINSTREAM. By Hamilton Basso. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 246 *pp.* $2.50.

ASSIGNMENT U. S. A. By Selden Menefee. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1943. 301 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

SOMEHOW the effect of global warfare has seemed to make home understanding of the American and his problems less important. Actually, however, it becomes increasingly clear, with the growth of American power, that what happens in the world is no more important to the American than the mood and attitude of the American will be important to the world. Undoubtedly things happening in the hills of Italy and on the islands of the Pacific may alter American life for generations to come. It is equally true that today there are no peoples anywhere whose fortunes will not be affected by the tradition of democracy which has grown in this country and the American decisions in terms of that democracy in Kansas and the Carolinas, from Cape Hatteras to the Golden Gate.

At such a time two books seem almost miraculously designed to give Americans and other peoples the full basis for understanding of the American whose war powers are no more important than his home moods and decisions will be. In mellowness and maturity, Hamilton Basso has traced the growth of the American spirit not only from such founders as Cotton Mather and John Smith and such giants as Jefferson and Lincoln, but also from such figures as F. T. Barnum, Horatio Alger, and Huey P. Long. With keen eyes and warm heart, Selden Menefee has described the American people and their problems in every part of the nation in this time of war. Basso and Menefee and their books differ in style and in spirit but they come together as an almost perfect combination in description of the American as he developed and of that American as he thinks and lives and feels in these times. Basso with skill, humor, and wisdom has traced the story of the men and forces and philosophies which shaped him. Menefee, with more prejudice for the oppressed than preoccupation with the heroic, has described that American under the pressure of war forces and war demands, of racial cruelties and industrial booms. Basso has made out of history an American pattern-man in terms of a small town drugstore proprietor whom he calls John Applegate. Without destroying that portrait in terms of the mainstream of tradition, Menefee has presented the American in all his amazing diversity in the American land and within the American tradition.

Basso's book is a series of essays on American personalities which add together to his modern American, John Applegate. Menefee's is a journalist's report in terms of journey to almost all sections of the United States, a study of what the polls and other measuring rods say goes on in our minds and hearts, and a series of specific discussions of specific problems. Menefee is the more pessimistic; Basso the more philosophical. But both, the remembering philosopher and the observing reporter, write to a question mark about the future of America and the American which is stronger in questioning because armed with faith in the basic good strength of that American as he grew and as he is.

—*From "The Four Freedoms."*

The Poor Whites

SO THEY SHALL REAP. By John Bennett, III. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1944. 274 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN

THE most neglected aspect of the Civil War is the part the Southern poor whites played in it. They were illiterate, and they had no chronicler; they were fierce and clannish, so they had few friends even among the Confederates; they achieved little individual military acclaim, for they were the anonymous thousands whose role was only to fight and die. The war was not of their making; they never understood it, and they could hope to gain nothing from it. But they did learn, and they invented the slogan: "A rich man's war and a poor man's fight."

John Bennett's novel is about them. He takes one of them, Sammy Mitchell, whose family fled from a feud in the Carolinas to Alabama where they found themselves embroiled in the same feud. Sammy enlists in the Confederate Army to escape the law, and he then takes part in the battles around Corinth, where he is wounded and then makes his way home in an epic journey that is one of the best things in the book.

Sammy comprehends dimly that the Broadcloths, whom he does not know and never meets, are responsible for his family's misery and his own plight. But the author hardly touches on what was necessarily the true theme of his novel. He has written a tough, violent, and action-filled narrative, but he merely skims the surface. The reader, after finishing it, is left little better informed than Sammy on the peculiar structure of Southern society and its effect upon a war which came near wrecking a nation founded upon democratic principles.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 512)

B. F. TROTTER:
THE ROAD TO TARTARY
(CANADIAN POET)

I clambered over dawn-lit hills—
the dew was at my feet,
I crossed the sullen pass at night
in wind and rain and sleet.—
.....
They cannot see my sunlit way;
and still they cry to me:
.....
"The road that thou art going is
the road to Tartary."

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The Story of the Iron Men

THE RUSSIAN ARMY, ITS MEN, ITS LEADERS, AND ITS BATTLES. By Walter Kerr. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1944. 250 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by
BRIGADIER GENERAL DONALD ARMSTRONG

IN Russia an entire nation lives for one purpose—to destroy the enemy. The whole world wondered how the Red Army turned back the heretofore invincible Nazis and now has them in full retreat. No better explanation has appeared than Mr. Kerr's astute and objective report on Russian courage, patience, and military skill, and yet this *New York Herald Tribune* correspondent does not hesitate to point out errors and deficiences. These are unimportant compared to the spirit of the iron men of the Red Army with a tenacity sufficiently strong to absorb the fearful punishment of the summer campaigns in 1941 and 1942. If, however, the iron will of the Russian people with its utter scorn of personal and selfish interests had not backed up the Red Army, Russia would certainly have fallen long ago.

The basic theme of Mr. Kerr's Eroica is simple and straightforward. It appears early and it is sounded again and again as the Russian Army retreats and surges in savage counter-attack against the surprised Nazi foe.

> It was not in organization that I found the real strength of the Red Army, nor did I find it solely in the youth of its generals, its manpower or munitions. I found its strength in the fighting heart of its soldiers, in their training, their discipline and the civilian strength behind them.

These intangible and spiritual forces of the Red Army and the Russian people surprised the Nazis; they also surprised the whole world. But there were other bitter surprises for the German high command. The artillery was better and far more numerous than had been anticipated; the generals displayed greater tactical and stragetic ability; the Russian infantry was better trained and more stubborn in its offensive tactics. The guerillas were brave and cunning and swallowed up thousands of Nazis on the lines of communications. Finally the Red Army had prepared and trained for winter warfare. The Germans were not ready for campaigns in the ice and snow of a Russian winter.

Surprise is one of the most potent weapons of warfare. Seldom has it been applied more effectively than in the array of the unexpected that thwarted German plans in Russia. Quite correctly Mr. Kerr observes:

> I suppose that the German High Command before Moscow committed the greatest mistake any military man can commit, which is not to know his enemy. The Germans did not know their enemy. They did not know how many divisions it could assemble. They did not know that Russians will fight and die for their country regardless of how strong their enemy is. They did not know that the Russians they were fighting were trained soldiers, disciplined, accustomed to carrying out their orders, and ready to carry them out willingly.

Do you recall Hitler's sarcasm about the "military idiots" who guide the destinies of the United Nations's armies? With Mr. Kerr's evidence we nominate for this distinction Hitler's own Chief of Military Intelligence, his Chief of Operations, and the intuitive Hitler himself.

Mr. Kerr confirms the superiority of the German air force and armor in 1941. The Nazis counted on an air-armor team to defeat the Red Army. The Red artillery was the material means of destroying Nazi hopes for a quick victory. The weapons themselves were good and were well handled, but the war forced drastic changes in the method of using artillery. In the beginning the Red artillery was largely decentralized to the infantry divisions. Powerful concentrations of fire which were found to be necessary could only be obtained by withdrawing part of the artillery from divisions and by concentrating it into huge masses with centralized control. It worked well and it drove the Nazis back.

The Red Army then compensated the infantrymen for the loss of this artillery support by vastly increasing the number of mortars, with ranges in excess of three miles for the heavier types. The Russians had underestimated their need for these weapons, so early in the war they organized a Peoples Commissariat of Mortar Construction to produce mortars. The equivalent in this country would be a member of the cabinet known as the Secretary of Mortars.

The Russian Army today is undeniably one of the most important elements controlling the destiny of the nations fighting Germany. Tomorrow, if we are to believe Mr. Kerr, Russia will join us in our war against Japan, not because of any desire to help us as an ally, but because Russia and Japan are hereditary enemies. He predicts that when we establish a strong second front in Europe, Russia will collaborate against our common enemy.

This is an added reason for seeking the most extensive and accurate information possible concerning the Red Army.

Mr. Kerr satisfies the inquiring mind with many facts heretofore available only in confidential reports. The book was evidently written at top speed and therefore is somewhat repetitious and not as well organized as it might be. It is not yet by any means the definitive book on the Red Army. Since the Moscow and Stalingrad campaigns, the home front and all the arms and services of the Russian Army are graphically portrayed, Mr. Kerr's "Russian Army" is appropriate for the armchair strategist as well as for the professional soldier.

—*From "Soviet Russia Today."*
A Red Army unit entering a town liberated from the Nazis.

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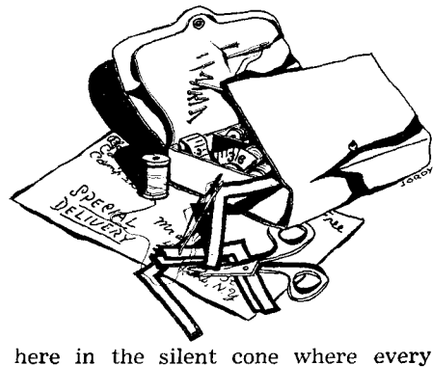
The Cone of Consciousness

CONE OF SILENCE. By A. Fleming MacLiesh. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1944. 500 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by N. L. ROTHMAN

IN modern night flying, and varieties of blind flying, a plane is kept on its course by a radio beam that emanates from the port of destination. So long as he stays on that beam the pilot is inside a kind of cone of silence. Veering to one side or the other, he hears a humming in his ear-phones, and so, by clinging to his inner beam of silence, he clings to his homeward course. There is such a cone (would not "core" have been a better word?) that runs through this book, to which Michael, its hero, clings as desperately as ever any pilot in the untracked air. And the directive core here is inner consciousness. It is the world of Europe in the thirties, when everything begins to slip, helplessly and ever swifter, over the edge of fascist power, like one of those nightmares when things run together and start moving like a stream. In the midst of this, individuals stand lost in indecision, everything in their frustrate lives reflecting in small the large breakdown. In visual terms it is one of the surrealist landscapes that are now so well understood as to provide layouts for advertisements—a terrifying spatial spread, strange columns of unbearable precision, and one or two human figures ten times normal size, out of time and perspective, imprisoned in a pitiless light. But the novel provides no escape; for the figure, still motionless and casting no shadow upon his world, may dive with all of his mind and will into his inner stream of consciousness, and take refuge there.

The mind of Michael is the saving core of silence that takes him through the horror of his years in Europe. He hardly seems to be alive in his present, so pressing and immediate are the contours of the past that he calls up always and endlessly. He exists upon three or four levels of time, slipping from one to the other along the avenue of a word or a gesture, or the slightest impatience with any imperfect present moment. It is curious that we do not remember whether he has a last name, or what are the clothes he wears, or what it is he does beside living and perceiving. Michael is a perceptive element, physically all but anonymous, so that all of him may be concentrated on knowing, suffering, remembering, comparing, reaching for meanings. There is a protracted and painful love affair with Lisa, which, far from ending with their marriage, continues after that more painful, more tense and tragic, to a final poising upon the edge of mental destruction. And, in the novel of consciousness, certainly the breakdown of consciousness is the only apt symbol of tragedy. Symbols here are everything. They are the book's substance and richness and limitation. For



here in the silent cone where every slightest filament of thought waves so beautifully and uncoils at length along every possible bright curve and tangent, we become conscious at last of the one monotonous sound: the dry ticking of the mind, tick, tick, grinding its substance out of itself, bodiless and sterile. In this vacuum there is no movement, no actuality of experience, no solid touch, no earth of reality. Lisa, Girard, Mary, others, spin like motes in the beam of Michael's light. Only his seeing is actual. History itself has no meaning; we hear its distant sound, but that is less than the remembered echo of a stone Michael recalls having heard fall into a pool.

The influence of Joyce is clear. Let those who have written him off as a passing mutation read this latest brilliant example of his influence in American writing. It should be added that Joyce proffered also the saving element—the exact immediate image—which might have leavened the vague and echoless stream of consciousness as MacLiesh uses it. When you employ Joyce you must employ him fully, his poetry as well as his psychology. Dublin in the minds of Bloom and Dedalus is as real as stone and flesh and air. Joyce pinned it there with the dynamic image. Michael's Paris, Vienna, Florence, are cities in a dream. The definitive touch of poetry would have made "Cone of Silence" an even finer novel. It is, anyway, a very profound and fascinating one.

Backwash of the Revolution

SUNBURST. By Mauricio Magdaleno, translated by Anita Brenner. New York: The Viking Press. 1944. 290 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BETTY KIRK

REVOLUTIONS are not destroyed by counter-revolutionaries, but by their own leaders. Revolutions rot from within before the attacks from the outside can be launched. This is the dismaying truth that partisans of the revolutionary process stumble upon eventually and which almost invariably leaves them bewildered, bitter, and disillusioned. It is the phenomenon accounting for the anti-revolutionary books which flood from the outraged idealists who have so passionately supported the movement in its youth. In the case of Russia such men as Eugene Lyons and Louis Fischer, original partisans, were converted into the Soviet Union's severest critics as they saw their early ideal transformed.

The Mexican Revolution, too, has had its foreign partisans-turned-critics. But it has taken a Mexican liberal to convert the sombre theme of a revolution betrayed into a novel which is one of the finest to come out of Latin America in a decade, the best to reach us from Mexico since "El Indio" of Lopez y Fuentes. Mauricio Magdaleno, journalist, playwright, and novelist, has in "Sunburst" given us not only an expose of political corruption but a novel of depth and compassion, written with fire.

The collective hero of "Sunburst" is the Indian, the submerged and submissive man who lives in a world of primitive beliefs and practices, fearfully rejecting the white man's civilization because through four centuries it has brought him only grief and starvation. His exploiters have been in succession the conquistador, the hacendado, and the current successful politico, all of whom share the same lust. This lust is to possess all of the land within vision and to make that land bear fruit through the labor of the Indian. Sometimes he is paid, more often he is not.

The promises of the Revolution that were to change all this? The Indians believed in them as they fought with Zapata and Villa but thirty years had passed and el Indio was worse off than before. The hacienda La Brisa, lying in the fertile valley, had not been divided to bring the Indian food and peace. The promised dam had not been built and each year the hillside farms, parched for water, produced less corn. So in mute desperation each year blood flowed instead of water as the men of San Andres de la Cal fought their neighbors of San Felipe for the privilege of farming the little strip where rain fell.

Then word came that Saturnino

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Herrera, campaigning for governor, was coming and hope revived. Saturnino, a son of the village, nursed by its Inditas, was a revolutionary who would make their dreams come true. Surely they could trust Saturnino, for he was an Indio too!

The man of the people came home and re-betrayed his people. But his was the most monstrous cynicism of all for the new conquistador masqueraded behind the banners of the revolution. In Saturnino Herrera the author has made a composite and convincing picture of all the corrupt "revolutionaries" in Mexico today and they are numbered in the hundreds.

It is this moral degradation of its own leaders that saps a revolution from within and paves the way for the counter-revolution. So in Mexico today we have Sinarquismo sweeping the land, a new revolt of the masses against corruption and exploitation. Whether it will succeed in destroying the Revolution or only in forcing a needed purge remains to be seen but present indications are that a healthy purge is going on.

I have only praise for this book which tells the powerful, beautiful, and sad tale of the inner Mexico and its people. Almost equal praise is due Anita Brenner for her rich and intuitive rendition into English. Miss Brenner stands at the top of those equipped to bring us the great wealth of Latin American literature.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE BABY IN THE ASH-CAN *Susannah Shane* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Kidnapping of "two-million dollar baby" and murder of girl involve two flighty sleuths in sequence of fantastic fixes.	Chris Saxe and ex-pug. henchman frequently too cute for words. Capably plotted, but both humor and credulity are strained.	Not too good
TO WHAT DREAD END *M. V. Heberden* (Crime Club: $2.)	Bed-ridden English doctor poisoned. Harassed girl substitute extricated from tragic case by Insp. Northrop of Scotland Yard.	Either as full-fledged novel of war-torn emotions or as mystery this beautifully characterized and heart-rending tale ranks high.	Top grade!
JACK IN THE BOX *J. J. Connington* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Quartet of strange deaths, superstitiously linked to discovery of Viking treasure hoard in England.	Well-documented blend of scientific crime, "black-magic," plain and fancy villainy, and careful sleuthing. Slow-moving but effective.	Not for the impatient
SAILOR TAKE WARNING *Kelley Roos* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Model-yacht enthusiast stabbed in Central Park with photographer-sleuth Jeff Troy and wife Haila, nearby. They take it from there.	Dexterously woven plot, likable people, considerable gaiety, unflagging action, ship-shape writing, and solution you're not likely to guess.	Full marks
ESCAPE IN VAIN *Georges Simenon* (Harcourt, Brace: $2.)	Two short novels ("The Lodger"; "One Way Out") of murder and suicide in French middle class and demi-monde.	No detecting; no Maigret. Moving and dramatic stories of tragic little people enmeshed in problems with inevitable solutions.	Grim
DEATH HAS A WILL *Amelia Reynolds Long* (Phoenix: $2.)	Scalawag grandson of rich old lady shot with "baby cannon." Conniving doctor stabbed. Lawyer and D.A. brother solve it.	All necessary ingredients of pretty good yarn, including two likably inquisitive spinsters—but it just gets duller and duller.	Soporific
YOU CAN'T KEEP THE CHANGE *Peter Cheyney* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Slim Callaghan, daring, debonair, and unscrupulous London private detective, out-smarts police in placing guilt of jewel robbery and related murder.	London night-life, tangled family affairs of "very old Devon family," love-life of three tempestuous gals, and Callaghan triumphant.	Pretty dreary
THE BLACK HONEYMOON *Constance and Gwenyth Little* (Crime Club: $2.)	Induced demise of wealthy oldster with feather allergy is followed by three more violent deaths in family. Young nurse finally stops carnage.	Determined gaiety of yarn often rings hollow, and comic-relief detective is quite incredible. Plot is interesting although confusing.	Grotesque

THE "DOUBLE L" ARSENAL

(*Continued from page 4*)

spread to my house, "I don't say to him . . . 'Neighbor, my garden hose cost me $15; you have to pay me $15 for it.' "

There may be some repayment in cash or kind after the war, but it will not be the simple repayment of a loan. The law itself provides that repayment may be in the form of "any . . . direct or indirect benefit which the President deems satisfactory." As Mr. Stettinius notes: "The Master Lend-Lease Agreements provide that the settlement of the Lend-Lease account shall be one which will not shut the door to new opportunity, but will, on the contrary, open the door much wider." In other words, we will have post-war conferences in which the questions of payment raised by Lend-Lease will be threshed out afresh. There are likely to be many complications and headaches. Unfortunately, Mr. Stettinius stops short of discussing these questions and their far-reaching implications for the post-war world.

Only a week ago, for instance, Washington and London were discussing a new Lend-Lease agreement which would take account of Britain's export problems, beginning to raise their heads even before the war is done. Other difficulties which Mr. Stettinius does not tackle include the question of the effect of Lend-Lease on the post-war race for international air superiority; just what is the relationship between Lend-Lease and the United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration; what effect Lend-Lease will have on post-war tariffs and trade barriers.

Mr. Stettinius's book, despite these omissions, is a sound, comprehensive, and valuable study of Lend-Lease in action. With some surprise one notes that what might have been a tedious report is fast-paced and absorbing. Not infrequently the story Mr. Stettinius has to tell is as gripping and tense as a novel; and he tells it well.

We are not accustomed to an "accounting of stewardship" from a war agency while the war is still far from its end. Nor were we prepared for the ease, drama, and forcefulness of the writing. Mr. Stettinius who has long been known as an executive of unusual capacity, a gentleman of unusual manner and—in his recent reshuffling of the State Department—a diplomat of the first water, has proved with this report that he is also a writer of distinction.

Leo M. Cherne is Executive Secretary of the Research Institute of America.

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Louisianian in Chungking

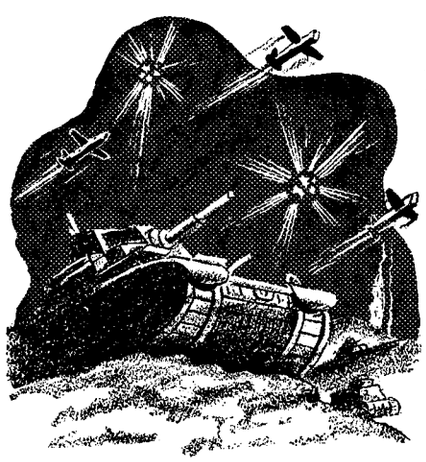
WITH GENERAL CHENNAULT: The Story of the Flying Tigers. By Robert B. Hotz, with the assistance of George L. Paxton, Robert H. Neale, and Parker S. Dupouy. New York: Coward-McCann, Inc. 1943. 276 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY C. WOLFE

IT is a long way from Waterproof, La., to Cairo, Egypt, and there were more than six years between the spring of 1937 and the late fall of 1943. But the letters with exotic stamps that poured into the post office of sleepy little Waterproof in early 1937 had a great deal to do with the Cairo Conference of 1943. The letters pleaded with a retired U. S. Army captain to head the pilot training program in China and to act as aviation adviser to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. The captain was a weathered Louisianian in his late forties who for ten years before retirement had been flying on physical waivers. (Like his old flight colleague "Jimmy" Doolittle, he suffered from deafness.) His name was Claire Lee Chennault.

"Old Leatherface," as the Chinese affectionately dubbed the colorful American pilot, accepted the Generalissimo's offer. In the summer of 1937 he arrived in the embattled Orient. In less than two months his training and tactics were registering heavy blows against the superior air fleets of Japan. They are still registering. Over the years they helped keep China in the war and build up the strength of her resistance. History alone can evaluate Claire Chennault's role—military and spiritual—in helping China take her place among the world's four leading powers.

The Japanese bombardiers had been having it all their own way when the former American acrobatic ace became civilian training adviser to the Chinese. He soon found himself chief air strategist for Chiang Kai-shek's armies. He used the Sino-Japanese war as a crucible in which to forge into a powerful weapon the tactical ideas he had evolved years before in America. An apostle of pursuit, he soon forced the Japanese to drop one of their prime combat premises, the invincibility of unescorted bombers. He collected invaluable information on Japanese aviation and planned a vast air offensive to drive the men of Nippon from Asia. Years before Pearl Harbor the astute and realistic Chennault sized up Japan's schemes for global conquest.



By early 1941, battle casualties and lack of replacements had almost wiped out the heroic little Chinese Air Force. About that time the United States began to take responsibility for getting lend-lease supplies to China over the traffic snarl of the Burma Road. Farsighted Chennault got out his old plans for defending the road with an air umbrella of fighters and went back to the United States looking for pilots and planes.

It was a disheartening quest. For one thing, American foreign policy was still appeasing Japan. But Claire Chennault is hard to dishearten: he had survived twenty-three tough years of aviation pioneering. He had long before learned to ignore the accusation that his revolutionary air strategy was stunt stuff. In July he had his first American Volunteer Group (AVG) on board a vessel bound for Asia. The first A.E.F. of the Pacific war was on its way.

On a rough, muddy airport north of Rangoon the tactical genius that was Chennault worked his outfit into shape. He took over a patchwork group of footloose pilots, mechanics, and ground officers and taught them combat teamwork. "A grease monkey is just as important as I am," keynoted the democratic spirit of his leadership. He took over a hundred second-rate pursuit planes totally lacking in spare parts. Their radios were practically useless for combat service. Experts predicted that the AVG and the P-40's wouldn't last three weeks against Japan's demon airmen and their Zeros.

In December, ten of Chennault's untried fighter pilots took on ten veteran Japanese bomber crews. The shark-nosed P-40's looped back to their field in a victory roll. The green little AVG had given the Japanese invincibles their first defeat. The grateful and admiring Chinese hailed the young air knights as Flying Tigers, "the highest praise in their national vocabulary."

—From the jacket of the book.
General Chennault

That was the beginning of the victories that for more than half a year rewarded the ceaseless dawn to dusk alerts of the "Old Man's" fighter teams. Chennault whipped his handful of men and planes into a combat machine that single-handed stood off for seven months the entire Japanese Air Force in southeastern Asia. That period included the six desperate post-Pearl Harbor months when the United Nations were suffering one major defeat after another.

The Flying Tigers cleared the northern end of the Burma Road of Japanese bombers. Almost alone they kept the enemy out of Rangoon while thousands of tons of strategic war materials sped up the Road to China's armies. They broke the Japanese offensive in the Salween gorge. The "Shark Fins" swept the "Bandits" from the skies of Hunan and Kwangsi and kept enemy bombs from Chungking for the first summer in four years. The odds of battle were incredible, but so were the Flying Tigers.

Captain Hotz, pilot and newsman, tells a superb story superbly. He makes its every phase exciting—the political and military background of Japan's lightning conquests in Asia, the hideous fall of Rangoon, the aviation strategy of the Rising Sun, the wizardry of Chennault's training tactics, the epic air battles, the personalities of the Tigers and their fabulous Old Man. It is the Old Man who dominates the story, of course, and he should. Without him there could have been no Flying Tigers—perhaps no victorious China. The royalties from the book go to the AVG Memorial Fund.

Buy War Bonds and Stamps

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THE POISON GAS BOYS

IF anyone should inquire what the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Washington Times-Herald*, and *The New York Daily News* have to do with literature that would warrant the occasional attention given to them on this page, we should answer that the concern of *The Saturday Review* is with the printed word in its various forms and with the various auspices under which it appears. We should also answer that we have a legitimate interest in the freedom of the press and that we can think of few greater threats to that freedom than are represented in the abuses by the McCormick-Patterson newspapers.

For the last few years we have been following the curious and continuous gloom-mongering, sneering, and vindictiveness of the above-mentioned newspapers. We have seen them become increasingly blatant in their scorn for many democratic causes, and we hope we won't sound mawkish if we include this war among them. Not only have these papers constituted themselves something of a wet-blanket brigade toward the United Nations; they have shown an almost conspicuous reluctance to say anything unkind in a sustained way about the forces that are now seeking to crush America. We say—and we are fully cognizant of the seriousness of such a charge—that the McCormick-Patterson press has become a rallying ground for some of the most powerful anti-democratic forces in America; that it has exploited lie, rumor, and conjecture in its news, editorial, and even its letters columns—all pointed in effect in these directions:

1. Splitting up the United Nations —by provoking suspicion in America against her Allies and vice-versa.
2. Weakening American morale—by merchandising in distrust against our civil and military leaders, and by trafficking in casualty speculation in advance of military operations.
3. Jeopardizing the success of military operations—either by disclosure of secret plans or by loose talk that might force the enemy's hand.

A recent editorial appearing in the *Washington Times-Herald* and *The New York Daily News* and a companion-piece in the *Chicago Tribune* are good examples. Can anyone imagine anything more incredibly irresponsible and potentially more incendiary than an editorial advocating our use of poison gas? Impossible and unbelievable as it may seem, these newspapers took it upon themselves to criticize American military leaders on those grounds. Here are some of the actual excerpts from the piece run by the *Times-Herald* and *The Daily News:*

WE SHOULD HAVE USED GAS AT TARAWA

. . . To us, Tarawa seems to have been an ideal target for a gas attack preceding the landings on the beaches . . . Our men then could have landed with lighter casualties, and cleaned up in short order. To those who shrink from the alleged horrors of gas warfare, it should be pointed out that the end result would have been the same as to the Japs, since our men killed virtually all the 4000 Japs on Tarawa, anyway . . . They [the Japs] are now bragging that we shall never be able to break through those islands. Maybe we never shall, if we are to lose as high a proportion of blood every time we attack one of those numerous pinpoints in the Pacific. . .

By the use of gas, however, we might be able to make the job much easier. If we have, as it is often rumored, some far more deadly gases than in World War No. 1, here is the place to give them a thorough try-out. Gas may not make our trans-Pacific pilgrimage any easier, but then again it may. The experiment is by all odds worth trying.

Of course, the Japs will threaten reprisals if we use gas; but that should not worry us much. Our chemical manufacturing industry is the finest in the world, and the largest. It looks practically certain that by the judicious and relentless use of gas we can take and keep an edge in the Pacific war.

Now go back and read it over again. Read it very slowly, word by word. Let the colossal irresponsibility, the bursting stupidity stand out in their fantastic proportions. Consider the criminally casual dismissal of the horrors of poison gas as "alleged," or the perfunctory reference to a "thorough try-out"; see how difficult it was to resist getting in a dig at American military strategy with the leering reference to "those numerous pinpoints in the Pacific," or the "trans-Pacific pilgrimage"; note the indictment of our military leadership for not being the first to invoke the barbarism that has the power to suffocate the globe; observe the hideously blithe unconcern about reprisals at a time when the world trembles on the edge of new and greater horrors it dares not even guess at.

As we first read that editorial, we wondered about the millions of fighting men all over the world; we wondered about the coming landing on the continent from the west and what the reaction of American soldiers and officers and their folks back home would be to a suggestion by powerful American newspapers that poison gas warfare be unleashed at this juncture and that we ourselves start it off. We wondered, too, about the possibility that the Axis nations might regard such editorials as a representative sampling of American public opinion which left no doubt of the initial responsibility and which justified the Axis in beating us to the punch. Pleasant thought, that, as American boys prime themselves on the eve of invasion.

We fail to see how the offending newspapers can hide behind the issue of freedom of the press here, anymore than an individual is justified in invoking freedom of speech for protection after shouting "Fire!" in a packed theatre, to cite the classic example often quoted by Justice Holmes. If the poison gas boys can get away with that, then the very freedom they are using as a shield has become badly dented.

N. C.

Field Hospital

By Richard Armour

THIS is loneliness: to lie
Upon one's back and watch men die,
To see the waxen mask replace
The features of a human face,

To watch the bearers clear the bed
Unneeded by the newly dead,
And canvas yield beneath the weight
Of stolid, unprotesting freight.

This is loneliness: to hide
Such sights by turning on one's side
And tallying again the crawl
Of roaches on the rough-hewn wall.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Persons and Places"

SIR: I have read with a great deal of interest Mr. Irwin Edman's brilliant review of Mr. Santayana's "Persons and Place." [*SRL*—Jan. 8] Of course, Mr. Edman knows his Santayana. He has, however, misread one phrase in the book. Referring to Santayana's opinion of professors, Mr. Edman writes: "He notes among the miscellaneous boys he was thrown in with at the free school his poverty compelled him to be sent to, Jews who wished to be professors!"

The phrase as used by Santayana has not the remotest relation to the meaning Mr. Edman implies. To begin with, Mr. Santayana describes the Latin School of Boston as "perhaps the best of American schools," which it was.

But the phrase which seems to have offended Professor Edman is contained in the following paragraph:

"This school being public (*i.e.*, free) was naturally frequented by the ambitious poor—Irish boys wishing to be priests, lawyers or doctors, Jews wishing to be professors, and native Americans, like Warren and Smith, whose families were in reduced circumstances."

In other words, the Jews were not fortune hunters. They were not after the lucrative professions but wanted to disseminate learning.

MANYA GORDON.

The Union and Mr. Cerf

SIR: Mr. Bennett Cerf, in his comments in the January 1 "Trade Winds," has highlighted a condition which has concerned the Book and Magazine Union for many years. He states that publishing employees are notoriously underpaid and, in a period of great prosperity in the industry, are not getting the increases they so richly deserve.

We agree—and our Union, we believe, is even better qualified to speak on this question than Mr. Cerf. With the skilled help of our officers (whom Mr. Cerf, of course, does not admire), we secured for our members through the War Labor Board over $385,000 in salary increases in 1943. At the same time we have spoken out for publishing employees in support of a sound and equitable war economy in which increases will not be snatched away by a growing inflation.

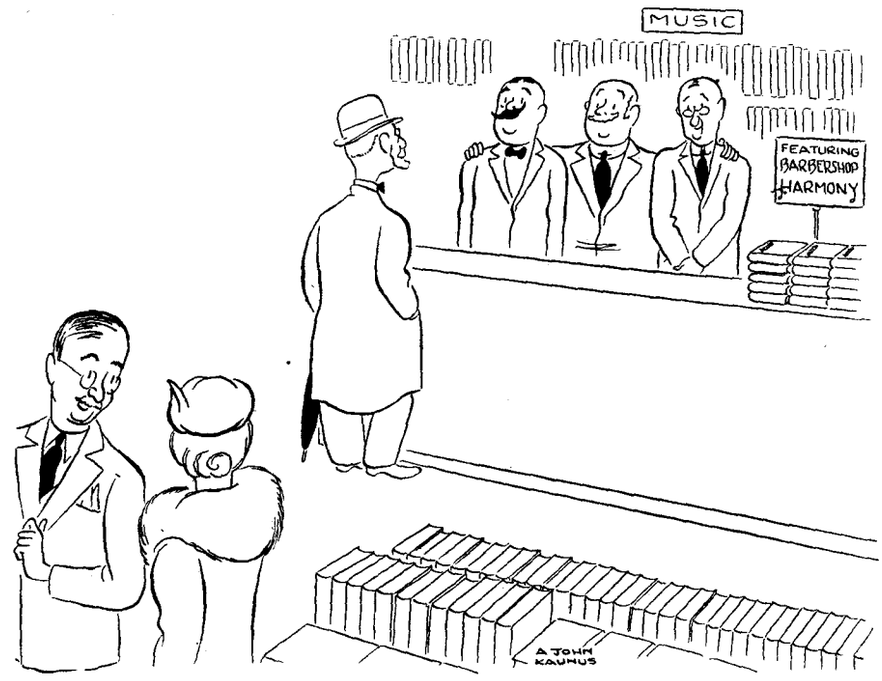
It is too bad that Mr. Cerf's attention has been drawn to this problem only after a long controversy with the Book and Magazine Union at his own Random House.

The program and activities of our national union, the United Office and Professional Workers of America, together with many people's concern over the economic plight of the white collar worker, has contributed to the calling of the hearings on January 25-27th of the Special Subcommittee on Wartime Health and Education of the Senate Education and Labor Committee. There we are presenting our request for a sound, flexible salary policy which will bring results in terms of health, living conditions, and production ability.

We believe that such a sound salary policy practised by government and the employers in the publishing industry would lead to more efficient performance. If salaries in our industry, by coöperation of our Union and the employers, were to rise to decent levels, it would mean that the employees would have a greater economic and social position in our community. It would enable the white collar and professional workers to play a more creative and dignified role in American life. The healthy economic atmosphere in our industry will cause a stimulus to personal growth and advancement.

Employers, employees, and the Union all recognize that serious salary problems exist in our industry, that—unsolved—they mean increased turnover and decreased efficiency. We stand on our record before the War Labor Board, and we offer our knowledge and experience of its procedures to any employer or employee who wishes to work with us toward a solution of this crucial problem.

EXECUTIVE BOARD,
Book and Magazine Union, Local 18, United Office & Prof. Workers of Amer.
New York, N. Y.



"Occasionally a customer likes to browse."

An Effective Petard

SIR: In your issue of November 20, with its review of Wier's "Thesaurus of the Arts," and your own editorial castigation of the irresponsible publishers, you rose to the full measure of your responsibilities. And now, in the issue of December 25, you publish a review (*sic*) of a historical book, a biography of Bolivar, in which the reviewer quotes the author as confessing that he was abysmally ignorant of the subject when he selected it, and then your reviewer concludes by saying that the biography "makes up in readability for what it lacks in accuracy." Read that sentence and ask yourself what the score is.

To this may I add my hearty approval of the letter of Professor Gambrill (December 18) on the review of Curtis's "The Growth of American Thought." The reviewer, a modest gentleman who would not claim competence in the field, found and disjointed two sentences having almost nothing to do with the main thesis and blew them up into something that was a caricature of one of the most significant and pathbreaking pieces of scholarship that has come out in the last decade.

Your responsibility in reviewing books in the field of history is no less than that you shouldered so gallantly in the case of the Wier book. Indeed, it is greater, for you reach a larger popular audience than the professional quarterlies and are out long before they appear with their reviews. In the next decade there will be a flood of books that "make up in readability what they lack in accuracy" and too few books of substantial scholarship. My hope is that your pages will steadily reflect your sense of responsibility in this situation.

GUY STANTON FORD,
New York, N. Y.

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TRADE Winds

SWEET NOTES FOR MUSIC WEEK

ONE PLACE where they really take their music seriously is aboard a certain British airplane carrier. Every afternoon at four, unless there's a heavy gale running or the enemy actually has engaged the ship, there is a concert on deck. The band sits on the principal plane elevator, which is depressed about two feet, so that the musicians may follow better the baton-wielding of the conductor. He stands at the edge of the deck above, his back to the audience, which is always ample, since every man who can be spared is there under official orders.

On the afternoon in question, the carrier was coursing lazily through Mediterranean waters, and the concert was in full cry. Suddenly a mechanic in the control room noticed the plane-elevator indicator, which registered the fact that it was not quite flush with the deck. Afraid that the mechanism was out of kilter, he pressed a button hard. The ship's band, in the middle of the overture from "Carmen," suddenly disappeared from the view of the entranced audience and plunged into the bowels of the ship. The mechanic, horrified when he saw what he had done, hastily pushed another button. The elevator shot skyward. It came to the surface with a jolt that sent every musician bouncing at least three feet in the air. But ah, those imperturbable British! Not one man stopped tooting his instrument for a moment during the entire round trip. The leader never lost a beat. When the overture was concluded, the unsmiling ship's company applauded politely. . . .

IN HIS BIOGRAPHY of George M. Cohan, Ward Morehouse tells how "Over There" was written. The day after America declared war in 1917, Cohan strode into the library of his home in Great Neck and wrote the whole song in a little over an hour on two sheets of paper. It swept America and then the world; eventually Cohan was awarded a Congressional medal for it. The first time it was sung in public; however, "Over There" sounded a sour note, and that's a story that Morehouse missed. It was told to me by Arthur Hornblow, now an ace producer in Hollywood, in 1917 an officer candidate at Fort Myers, Virginia.

Cohan himself came down to entertain the boys, and told them he was going to use them as guinea pigs for a new song he had just written. It was in the early days of American participation in the war, and the entertainment program was not yet organized efficiently. Besides, the boys had just come back from exhausting maneuvers. Cohan sang "Over There," went into his familiar swaggering dance, and then asked his audience to join in a second chorus. The result was so disappointing, the applause so feeble, that Cohan raised his hand for silence and said, "Well, boys, I guess you're right. It's just a bugle call anyhow. God bless you!" The next time Hornblow heard "Over There," he was an officer in France. The *Leviathan* arrived in a convoy. Nine thousand doughboys debarked and every one of them was singing "Over There" at the top of his lungs. . . .

IRVING BERLIN likes to tell about his first meeting with George Gershwin. Berlin was already a national figure by virtue of his "Alexander's Ragtime Band" and a dozen other great hits; Gershwin was a spindly, serious kid banging a piano in a cubicle of Remick's music publishing house on Tin Pan Alley. He stopped Berlin one morning and persuaded him to listen to a couple of melodies he had written. "Say, kid," said Berlin when he had finished, "you've got a load of talent. How would you like a job as my musical secretary? You'll make about three times what your job here is worth, and all you'll have to do is write down my tunes." "I'm sorry, Mr. Berlin," said Gershwin without hesitation. "I need the money badly, but I'm not writing down anybody else's tunes—even yours. I've got tunes of my own running round in my head!" . . . Some years later Berlin met another young man who knew what he wanted. A script of a play about the movies came into his hands. It was called "Once in a Lifetime," and the author's name—Moss Hart—was completely unknown. Berlin sent for him. "This would make a great musical play," he said, "and if it's all right with you, I'll do the songs and lyrics for it." The ordinary tyro in playwriting would fall into a faint at the mere thought of collaborating with Irving Berlin. Not Moss Hart, however. "Musical play?" he cried, yanking the script out of Berlin's hands. "You're nuts!" The rest is history. . . .

THE MUSICAL FRATERNITY has an unending fund of anecdotes which it never tires of repeating. Moritz Rosenthal, the noted pianist, is responsible for many of them. It was either he, or Godowsky, or Hoffman—authorities differ—who accompanied Mischa Elman to that never-to-be-forgotten debut of Jascha Heifetz at Carnegie Hall. A tumultuous audience roared its approval. Elman mopped his brow, and grumbled "It's stifling in here!" "Not for pianists, Mischa," was the gentle reply. . . . Rosenthal attended one of Paderewski's farewell performances with another distinguished pianist and composer, Abram Chasins. It was a lamentable exhibition, and Chasins murmured sadly, "The things that man has forgotten!" "What he forgets isn't so bad," said Rosenthal; "it's what he *remembers*." . . .

ONE OF CHASINS'S most successful compositions was a piano piece called "Rush Hour in Hong Kong." "It was published only seven months ago," he told Rosenthal proudly, "and it has just gone into its seventeenth edition!" "I was never so crazy about that piece, Abe," was the answer, "but so bad I didn't think it was!" Back at Chasins's studio, he found the piano rack covered with compositions by Bach, Beethoven, and Schubert. "My, my," commented Rosenthal. "I was under the impression that you composed by ear." . . .

ROSENTHAL was dragged reluctantly one afternoon to hear a third-rate string quartet go through its paces. After the recital, the second violinist rushed up to him. "Did you like it, maestro?" he asked eagerly. "Excellent, excellent," lied Rosenthal. "And our tempi, did they suit you?" persisted the violinist. "Ah," said Rosenthal, "they were simply marvelous—particularly yours!" Another day, Rosenthal was listening to a friend's newest composition. He made no audible comment, but the composer noticed that he took off his hat several times, and then put it on again. "It's too hot in the studio here," the friend suggested. "I'll open a window." "No, no," Rosenthal assured him. "It isn't that. I was just bowing to all the dear old friends I recognized in your piece!" . . .

THE STORY GOES that Mrs. Vanderbilt once demanded to know what Fritz

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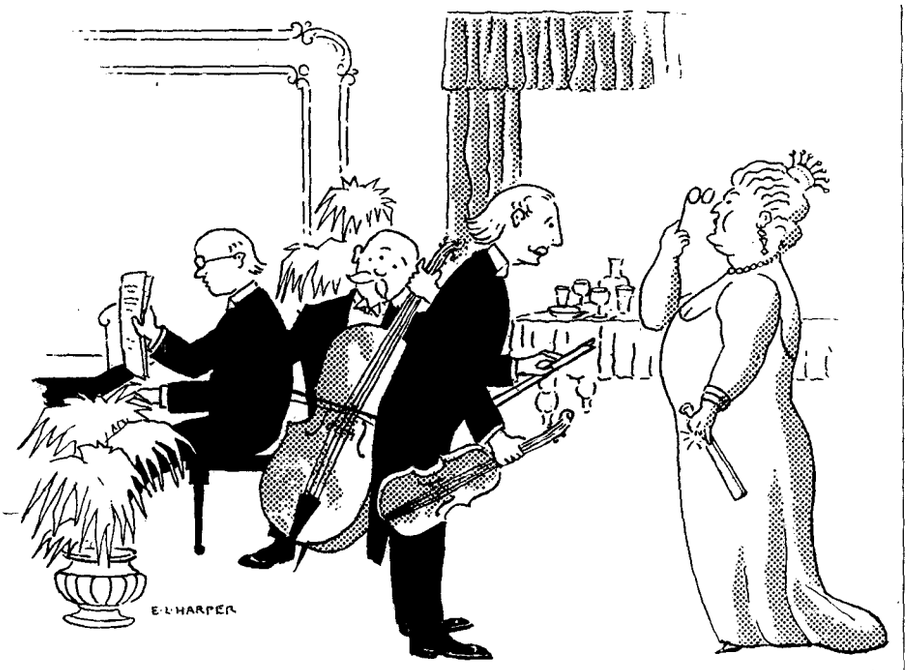

"No, maestro, I don't think Wagner goes well with a goose dinner, better make it Tchaikovsky."

Kreisler would charge to play at a private musicale, and was taken aback when he named a price of five thousand dollars. She agreed reluctantly, but added, "Please remember that I do not expect you to mingle with the guests." "In that case, Madam," Kreisler assured her, "my fee will be only two thousand." . . . Another rich dowager was taken to a recital of the famed Budapest Quartet. Introduced later to the first violinist, she gushed, "It's a shame your little orchestra hasn't got money enough to expand. I'm going to write you out a check of five thousand dollars; we'll make that band of yours as big as Tommy Dorsey's!" . . . Toscanini had a painful experience one evening with a soloist who began his cadenza bravely enough but soon got into difficulty. Obviously flustered, he wandered further and further off key. The maestro and the entire orchestra held their breaths. Just before their cue to resume playing, the soloist managed to recover the orignal key. Toscanini bowed and said, "Welcome home, Mr. Ginsberg." . . .

IN NEW YORK, a five-year-old girl was taken to a concert, warned that she must remain quiet in her seat. She listened respectfully to two intricate pieces, then turned to her mother and asked gravely, "Is it all right if I scream now?" . . . In Detroit, an inspired critic wrote "The Blank Quartet played Brahms last night. Brahms lost." . . . In Cleveland, a guest conductor was driven crazy at rehearsals because at least one member of the orchestra was always missing. After the last rehearsal, he tapped for attention and said, "I want to thank the first violinist publicly for being the only man in the entire orchestra who had the decency to attend every rehearsal." The first violinist hung his head. "It seemed the least I could do," he said in a deprecating tone. "You see, I don't expect to show up for the concert tonight!" . . . And of course *everybody* must have heard about the night that Stokowski was conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra in the rendition of Beethoven's "Leonora Overture Number Three," and the off-stage trumpet call twice failed to sound on cue. Directly the last note of the overture had been played, the apoplectic Stokowski rushed into the wings with murder in his heart. He found the trumpeter struggling in the clutches of a burly watchman. "I tell you you can't blow that damn thing here," the watchman kept insisting. "There's a concert going on inside!" . . .

NO COLUMN of musical anecdotes in the year 1944 would be complete without at least one about Frank Sinatra, now known simply as "The Voice" in worshipful radio circles. A few days ago Sinatra inaugurated his own weekly program, which will be heard on Wednesdays at nine P. M., Eastern War Time. Ginger Rogers was the guest star for his first show, and the rehearsal provided a field day for rabid autograph hounds. One of them carried off the signatures of both Ginger and Sinatra in triumph. A moment later Ginger heard her address a friend disdainfully. "Swap you Sinatra for an ordinary Roosevelt and Churchill? What kind of a dope do you think I am?" BENNETT CERF.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JAZZ

by ROBERT GOFFIN

Jazz Editor of Esquire
Introduction by Arnold Gingrich, Editor of Esquire

FROM THE CONGO TO THE METROPOLITAN

Just published — a stimulating history of jazz and jazzmen by the man who, along with Hugues Panassié, woke up America to the vital native music in its midst. Come along with him, down the Mississippi to New Orleans—where Buddy Bolden picked up his cornet and blew the first stammering notes of jazz back in 1891. Goffin's JAZZ is the world-wide story of the authentic jazz idiom since that time, and of the great jazzmen who have kept it alive in spite of distortions, commercial and otherwise.

At your bookseller's • $2.50
DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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What We Are Fighting For, Ahem

Our Correspondent Passes Along Some Eternal Truths

DAVID L. COHN

WASHINGTON, D. C.

I FEEL *privileged to devote my Washington report this week to a stirring address that was delivered recently in Hot Springs, Arkansas, which has had considerable repercussions here in Washington. The speech was delivered by J. Wilbur Snavely, Sales Engineer of the Aseptic Feather Pillow Manufacturing Co. I regret that because of the paper shortage, there is space here for only the following highlights of Mr. Snavely's inspiring message:*

THOSE of us who don't make the mistake of becoming impractical visionaries like a lot of Washington bureaucrats who never met a payroll in their lives, but keep our eyes on the advertising pages, know that when this war is over—and I'm told on good authority it will be over by the 20th of next month—a bigger and better America will be ours if we just have the horse sense to reach out and take it. Why, when I think of how we have stood in our own light, how we haven't answered when opportunity knocked and, like the Israelities in Egypt, have made our own stumbling blocks without straw, words fail me. But when I think of the new America in the making and compare it with the land I knew when I stood as a child by my dear Mother's side, words fail me again. But with your kind consent and knowing that that faithful old soldier —H. Harvey Rengoes—who hasn't missed one of these wonderful conventions in a quarter of a century has prepared some delightful luncheon surprises for you, I will try to paint a brief picture of what is coming and at the same time give you a glimpse of the America of the future.

After we've sent every yellowbellied Jap to kingdom come and our boys return to their jobs and loving families, this country will be run by sound men along sound economic lines employing the basic fundamentals that have never failed us and the common sense of our forefathers, like the time, for example, when they wrested Manhattan Island, where the great city of New York now stands in her commercial majesty, from the Indians for twenty-four dollars. That's what made us a great nation and that's how we ran it from the days of George Washington until we turned it over to a lot of socialists with foreign ideas that are opposed to the American Way. You know the men I mean. (Laughter). But now we're fighting for the American Way again and for Free Enterprise, the system that made us what we were in 1929, when we reached the highest pinnacle of prosperity ever known to man, and where we would be today if we had not listened to a lot of lunatics and communists but had let the law of supply and demand operate like God intended it to, because, as that great man President Coolidge told the country, "When men are out of work, unemployment results."

Now what do I mean by Free Enterprise? I mean the God given right of every man who isn't afraid of work and doesn't expect somebody else to support him, to get as much as he can out of his go-gettiveness, the amount of energy and brains that he puts into his job, making his product a little better than the other fellow and giving him better service, and breaking down sales resistance that stops the wheels of progress wherever it rears its ugly head. I don't have to tell an intelligent audience like this that if we divided all the money in the country evenly among all the people, it wouldn't be thirty days before some of them had most of the money because they are smarter and hustle while the others loaf. So while there's plenty here for everybody, some will be rich but, as the Bible says, the poor will always be with us because you can't change human nature. Therefore it's our duty to freeze Free Enterprise for the benefit of the brave boys who are fighting our battles all around the world, and give them the same opportunities for progress that you and I enjoyed when we were starting out in life in the good old days when every American boy knew that he could become President of the United States or president of a corporation and earn $25,000 or more a year.

—Drawing by Waldo Pierce for "All Good Americans."

The new America will be reconsecrated to super-salesmanship as it was after World War I when we buckled down to work and in no time at all, under the guidance of that great Secretary of the Treasury, Andrew Mellon, we lowered taxes, raised our tariffs to protect the American workman, and astonished the world. As soon as this war is over our salesmen—the men who are the uncrowned kings of this republic—will be out there outselling and outwitting their competitors just like our soldiers right now are out there in their foxholes outshooting and outsmarting their enemies. Even in the midst of this war and bloody carnage, our forward-looking manufacturers are conferring with their advertising agencies about the wonderful new products that will be placed on the market the minute we have put Tojo back in his place and we can get on the job again without having our thoughts somewhat distracted by the war.

HEADING the list is the automobile, America's greatest industry that has given us so much prosperity and placed a car in two families out of three and at least two cars among 11.8 per cent of the others. The Era of Progress cars will be entirely different from the old ones—as fine as they were—so that everybody will want a new one and it will pay him to go into debt to buy one because in that way he will be helping himself to more prosperity as it is poured out on everybody from the industry's horn of plenty. The bodies of these new cars will be built of molded whey thereby aiding the farmer who is the backbone of the country, while their tops will be made of reinforced rhubarb—yes, the same humble vegetables that used to go into pie—and as you sit there on luxurious Flower Wool woven of plain old field daisies, enjoying air-conditioning and checking up on things at the office through the wireless telephone with which these cars will be equipped and enjoying all these synthetic pleasures, you will realize that you have come into a new and wonderful era. That's just one example of what we can do when we can turn loose on a problem the best brains of the country without regimentation.

And speaking of brainy men, let me

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tell you a story that was told to me the other night in Indianapolis by our old friend Herbert Limeburner who has been one of the stalwarts and mainstays of this organization ever since it was founded and who regrets that he cannot be here tonight because of pressing business. Back in the summer of 1929, Mr. Albert Erskine, who was president of the great Studebaker Company, getting tired of having the automobile attacked by crackpots who never did an honest day's work in their life, wrote this in a nationally circulated magazine. I quote: "It is an unfortunate incident of our civilization that modern business makes so heavy a draft upon the stock of first rate brains of the country, that a large part of the writing and artistic activity of our times is done by second-raters, who are always in danger of developing an inferiority complex which leads to a hostile attitude." Unquote.

Now Mr. Erskine, who was a busy man, naturally didn't waste any time arguing with these theoretical fellows —I suppose he just considered the source—but crushed them by publishing two rows of figures showing what the average American home had in it in 1900 and then in 1929. In 1900 it was just about as bare as an Eskimo hut. All it had in it was a sewing machine, two bicycles, a wringer and washboard, and some brushes and brooms. The whole shebang cost $105. Just think of how little we had progressed up to that time and what we have done since and it will make you open your eyes. By 1929 that same home had $1,145.50 worth of things in it so that anybody but a longhaired writer who didn't know what it was all about, could see that people were at least ten times better off than they had been in 1900, and even at that the Fuller Brush Man hadn't made all his rounds. (Laughter)

BUT the Home of the Future will be just as different from the Home of the Present as that. One of the great drawbacks of the American home has always been that people had to stay in them too much, but the Home of the Future will practically run itself so that nobody will stay there at all but can be on the go nearly all the time enjoying themselves except when they are eating and sleeping at home. Let me give you just an idea of the treat that is store for us for the benefit of the ladies who are present here this morning.

The floors of the Home of the Future will be covered with dustproof rugs made of goldenrod and will be laid in layers of twelve so that every home will have a Rug of the Month and instead of bothering with

cleaning and dusting the housewife will simply tear off the old rug along the perforated line and there will be a new one, spick and span, of a different design and color for thirty days. But it's in the bathroom where we lead while others follow and we mean to stay out in front. The Bathtub of the Future made of soybeans which you can eat, drink, or wear, will make the old ones obsolete and thereby create a lot of new prosperity as they are thrown out and people buy new ones either for cash or on the installment plan which enables the customer to keep clean while he pays. It will contain a built-in radio which will be tuned in to your favorite station as you turn the tap from which the water will pour in the form of a rich, creamy lather so that you won't have to fool around with the old-fashioned slippery soap bar and at the same time you will be posted on the news of the day. And when you get out of the tub a new surprise will await you. Instead of drying yourself with the outmoded bath towel of the past, you will be automatically dried by the invisible rays of the Vitaminized Electronic Lamp which will give you as many vitamins as you could get in a day at the beach thereby saving your time, tanning your skin, and absorbing the Alpha-Alpha complex which prevents headaches and athlete's foot. These tubs of the future, let me say, in memory of the late writer Mark Twain and soybeans, will be called Tom Soyers and I predict a great future for them as America gets used to the new refinements in bathing.

In one corner of the Bathroom of the Future, you will find the combination weighing scale and Personality Developer where you can daily practise developing the kind of personality you'd like to have and simultaneously watch your weight. Old-fashioned mirrors will give way to the new scientific angle-of-incidence equals the angle-of-reflection mirrors of the future made of stainless shark's scales which never cloud or become soiled and thus enable us to utilize a valuable waste product as you look at yourself. These, ladies and gentlemen, are a few of the pots at the end of our synthetic rainbow if only we remember what we are fighting for and build a bigger and better country after the war.

In this great task to which we must dedicate ourselves, a heavy responsibility rests upon the shoulders of advertisers and retailers so that people will always be wanting something whether they need it or not and so keep the wheels of progress turning. In wartime the people at home must support the soldiers at the front. In peacetime the people must support the salesmen on the firing line who at all hours of the day and night, in every kind of weather and away from their families, are carrying the war to the enemy who would turn back the hands of progress if he could get his slimy hands on it. It will then be up to every man, woman, and child to become not only a consumer but a Conscientious Consumer, and if I had my way every school child in the land would be taught to say in unison with the other pupils before they begin their lessons: I consume for you, You consume for me, We consume for one another. I always say that if you teach a child to consume when he is young, you don't have to bother about him when he grows up.

FOR remember, my friends, the more we consume the more there will be to consume. It's like that lake of pitch in Trinidad where you scoop it out all day and at morning there's just as much as there was before. The busier we are consuming the busier we shall be making things to consume, and so consuming what we make and making what we consume, we shall move into an era that will excite the envy of the world and make foreigners want to come here in droves although it will be our duty to keep out agitators and coöperate with them by airplanes which now put all lands within sixty hours of your local airport. At the same time our prosperity will be increased because we will protect the American workman and Free Enterprise through protective tariffs while the people of Europe and the Orient who have been ruined and plundered by the war, will come here to buy the things they need.

In the America of the future which is being built right now by our best brains and men of the highest ideals, we shall bring about a high Velocity of Currency Circulation which means that the faster you spend your money, the faster it will come back to you as the other fellow spends it and consequently everybody will be prosperous although some will be more prosperous than others because of their God given talent for making money and keeping it. On every hand there is evidence that we are fighting for the

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right to go back to what we were before this war broke out, and a great New York department store in a recent advertisement tells you better than I can what those things are and what we are fighting for. I quote:

". . . We're fighting for the good, heavy whipping cream to top off luscious deserts. . . . For the return of the nickel hot dog! . . . For hunks and hunks of butter to bring out the real personality of a baked potato. . . . And what fun to step up to a drug counter and buy a tube of toothpaste —without swapping it for an old wrinkled tube! . . . We men are fighting for the right to have cuffs on our pants, or leave them off. . . . We want those swell smooth-sliding zippers again. . . . And how about the return of those lively golf balls that'll go a mile. . . . We gals will be glad to get out of uniform and back into frothy, feminine things. . . . What a joy it'll be to wear dresses simply swirling yards-and-yards of non-essential fabric. . . . And what a sight to stand on Broadway the night they turn on those wonderful, beautiful, brilliant electric signs. . . . We'll be seeing you at the most exciting event of the century: the Victory March down Fifth Avenue. . . ."

At this point, let me quote to you from a speech by Governor Warren of California, which expresses much better than I could ever hope to express, the basic imperatives of the day:

> We must return to the fundamentals; we must reattach ourselves to the old moorings—the family, the home, religion and free government. The more I think of this war, the more I am convinced that it all reduces itself to the dream of every good man and woman—the desire to have a home and fireside—to have happy, healthy children, taught by a good mother the virtues of mankind as she might choose to interpret them from the Good Book.

Let me say in closing, ladies and gentlemen, that although we are fighting for all these worth-while things, we shall be cheated of the fruits of victory if we are not on the alert; if we do not go back to the fundamentals of our forefathers who fought the Indians with one hand while they handed down the torch of progress with the other. We need men of high ideals to steer the ship of prosperity into smooth waters, and as we stand on the dawn of a new day whose sunrise glory is reflected in the advertising pages, I see a happy, contented, idealistic America like we had for so many years before we turned our government over to a lot of visionaries and bureaucrats who never met a payroll in their lives or put in a day at the college of hard knocks. I thank you. (Applause).

Current and Pre-Soviet Writers

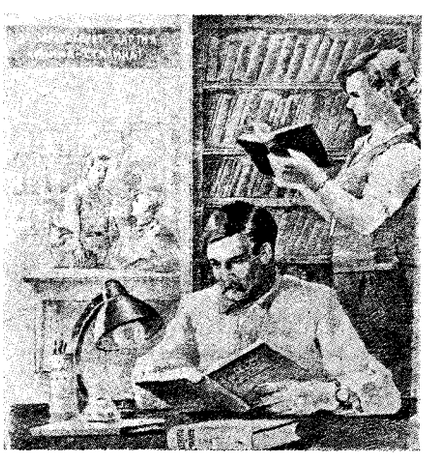
A TREASURY OF RUSSIAN LITERATURE. By Bernard Guilbert Guerney. New York: The Vanguard Press. 1943. 1047 *pp.* $3.95.

Reviewed by MANYA GORDON

AT no time have the American people been more interested in Russia than they are today, and it is not too much to assume that the relations of the two nations will continue to be friendly and their international interests interlocked. That being so, Americans should lose no time in learning as much as possible about their Russian allies. The simplest way of acquiring this knowledge is by reading the history and literature of the country.

Mr. Guerney's anthology of Russian literature is an excellent introduction to the psychology and belles lettres of the Russian people. He begins with the earliest effort the Russians have made in narrative form. The reader will find Friar Nestor's account of the baptism of Vladimir of Kiev and his subjects historically informative and interesting as an example of realism. "The Lay of the Host of Igor" (1307) is good narrative verse and Mr. Guerney is very successful in his translation. After several other brief samples of early Russian letters the anthology comes down to the nineteenth century and the entrance of the Russian giants.

First among them is Krylov, the most celebrated of Russian fabulists. The sampling should send the reader to the library for his complete works. His tales are in every way as fine as La Fontaine's. Derzhavin and Zhukovsky, "the singers of grandeur" or pseudo-classic poets are not overlooked. Pushkin's "Queen of Spades" is given in full and well translated. His poems are a more difficult task and not all in this volume convey the beauty of the original. Lermontov is represented by his Turkish fairy tale, "Ashik-Kerib" and a number of his excellent poems.



Reading room in a Russian library.

Gogol's contribution includes "The Overcoat"—better known to the general American reader as "The Cloak," and "The Inspector General" complete. Turgeniev is represented by the entire text of "Fathers and Sons." At this point the reader who is acquainted with Russian fiction will miss Goncharov who was one of Russia's great realists. Aside from a few short sketches and a book of travel, he left only three novels, but of these "Oblomoff," which Peter Kropotkin considers in the same class with Turgeniev's "Fathers and Sons" and Tolstoy's "War and Peace," is the most realistic portrayal of serfdom and the consequent inertia among the nobility in Russian literature. The foremost dramatist, Ostrovski, is also conspicuous by his absence. Of course, an anthology cannot include everything. These writers are, however, very important and their omission is regrettable.

Dostoievsky contributes "Notes from Underground." Tolstoy is represented by "The Death of Ivan Ilyich" and "How Much Land Does a Man Need?" Gorki's "The Lower Depths" is given complete. Chekhov has "Work of Art," "The Chorus Lady," and "The Three Sisters." From Merezhkovski there is "Peter and Alexis," and from Andreiev there is "Lazarus" and "Ben-Tobith." Brunin is represented by "The Gentleman from San Francisco," and Kuprin by "The Bracelet of Garnets."

With the exception of Goncharov and Ostrovsky all the great literary figures are thus represented and the reader will get a very fair conception of their work. It is not, however, a complete picture. For curiously enough Mr. Guerney begins his compilation with the very earliest writers, but does not bring the anthology down to the present time. He does not notice a single one of Soviet Russia's writers. He does not even mention Alexei Tolstoy, or Leonid Leonov, or Valentin Kataev, or Sholokhov. These authors and a number of others are certainly as characteristic of their time and Soviet life, as the monk Nestor was of the early Russian period. It is hard to see how a treasury of Russian literature can refuse to include the contributions of the last twenty-five years. Some of the work of the Soviet writers is very much worth bringing to the attention of the American reader. Aside from literary merit it portrays the Russia of today. This contemporary Russian life the reader will not get from Tolstoy, Turgeniev, Dostoievsky, or even Chekhov. The omissions are incomprehensible.

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The Allied Push Across Africa

ROAD TO TUNIS. By David Rame. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1944. *Map, illustrations,* 296 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by FREDERICK GRUIN

THIS is one of the most readable, most graceful chronicles of the great Allied push across French North Africa. As a British journalist assigned to the U. S. 701st Tank Destroyers, Mr. Rame came ashore near Oran, raced across the continent's rim into Tunisia, saw the first, daring, shoestring bid for Tunis fail, fell back with the Anglo-American troops through Kasserine Pass, was at hand when those same troops paraded in final victory through the streets of Tunis.

With sympathy and understanding, Mr. Rame watched the untried soldiers learn the ways of seasoned troopers. His description of the process gives this book the same lucid, exciting quality of discovery caught in Ralph Ingersoll's "The Battle Is the Payoff." But few of the many volumes on North Africa capture, as "Road to Tunis" does, the quality of the land and the living on it. This, perhaps, is only natural. South African by birth, Mr. Rame writes of his native continent in rich prose:

> Many roads have I known and loved . . . and along them I have come to adventure—but along the road that runs to Tunis we found the apple tree, the singing and the gold . . . The Tunis Road . . . seemed like the cord . . . drawing always to us new villages, new towns, new valleys, and new mountains . . . that road runs like a song—and we ran with it.

The Road began at Arzeu town, on Oran's eastern flank. Mr. Rame felt the weight of history as he landed with the troops. The beach was Africa, and also "the margin of the second front." It marked "the first, the essential intervention by the United States in the European war." From Arzeu the Road wound through the bitter few days of battle with the honor-touchy French. Then, the French on our side again, the Road plunged eastward. Through vineyard, by the sea, up slope and down. Past Yanks singing: "My Mammy done tol' me. . . ." Beyond Algiers, "the white city with the heart of black." Into forests of cork oak, across the majestic Atlas range, then at last into Tunisia.

In Tunisia the first Nazi planes strafed the advancing Allied column. From that baptism of fire, Mr. Rame traces the growth of his company and his combat command: how the men learned to wear steel helmets, dig slit trenches, camouflage, think as a group, never relax. The lessons were hard. They were taught by the enemy, by terrain and weather, by wounds and death. The Allied spearhead reached Medjez el Bab, thirty-eight miles from Tunis, then faltered in the face of German resistance. It was "too small for military success—large enough in spirit for greatness." How the vanguard held on while the big armies gathered behind it, how the troops bounced back from the shock of defeat are now familiar stories. Mr. Rame's retelling has freshness, vigor, and a fine sense of drama.

For North African politics Mr. Rame has distaste. His comments on that unhappy subject are thin and skimpy. Bitterly he remembers "too many things of France": Dakar, Syria, Vichy, and the Algiers politicians who stood for "unity of all Frenchmen who agreed with them, and anything from the execution to the liquidation of all who didn't." Mr. Rame is on more solid ground when he puts the Battle of Africa in its place in the Battle against Germany. "Napoleon had the Spanish ulcer," he says. "Africa was the ulcer on the Nazi body politic."

THE INSIDE STORY OF AN AMERICAN QUISLING

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See What I Mean?

See What I Mean?

See W

50th thousand!

See What I Mean?

A novel by LEWIS BROWNE

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From Land Bases

THE GRIM REAPERS. By Stanley Johnston. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1943. 221 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by FLETCHER PRATT

STANLEY JOHNSTON started in early to establish himself as the number one naval journalist of the war. He was one of the first at sea; he had the gift of inspiring confidence in those he met and getting confidences from them—the gift of being able to select everything significant in what they said and remembering it long enough to get it on paper. Finally he had the great good fortune to be aboard the key ship of the whole Navy during the tremendous combat of Coral Sea. It all went into "Queen of the Flat-Tops," one of the really fine pieces of journalism, at once true and poetic, that have come out of the war.

But of the present volume the best that one can say is that it is too bad Stanley Johnston used himself up so soon. It traces one of the Navy's best fighter squadrons through the great air-sea battles and a long period of determined action from land-based status on Guadalcanal. But the personal touch that distinguished the earlier book is here missing. The fliers are so many names who do heroic things in a dough-faced, unindividualized manner according to regulation, without ever talking or laughing or writing letters to their girls.

The book does not even stick to its subject. It reads as though the author were trying to tell the naval history of the war in the story of this one squadron. The technique is, of course, permissible if consistent, but it is not consistently adopted here. The work could also do with a great deal more careful checking of facts and with an index.

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Adding a Century to Creasy

FIFTEEN DECISIVE BATTLES OF THE WORLD. By Sir Edward S. Creasy. Edited by Robert Hammond Murray. Harrisburg, Pa.: Military Service Publishing Co. 1943. 611 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by
COLONEL JOSEPH I. GREENE

SIR Edward Creasy, in giving a title to his book a century ago, used the word "decisive" in a historical sense. He included only battles which he thought had sharply decided the course of history. Mr. Murray, in adding nine battles to Creasy's original fifteen, has followed the same rule of selection.

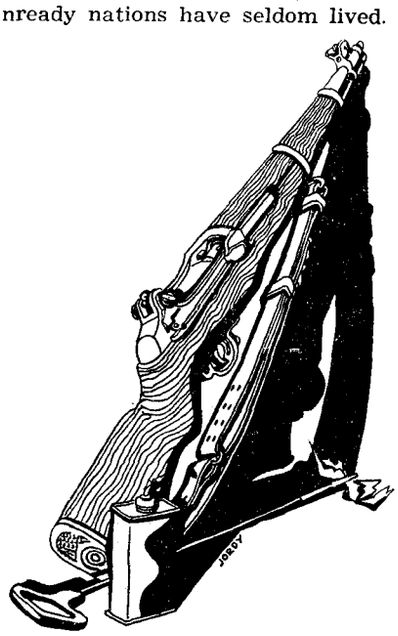
A historian might feel that there have been still other battles which determined broad phases of the world's development, though few would argue that any of those now included should have been left out. The soldier, however, would be likely to pick a somewhat different list, for he commonly uses "decisive" in a different sense. In planning campaigns and battles the main idea is to strike the enemy at "the decisive point"—to hit him there suddenly, with great force in the blow. The selection of the decisive point is, of course, the crux of the matter. And the only proof that the right spot has been selected is the *decisive* defeat of the enemy, and in the end, the winning of the campaign or the war. Thus, to the soldier a decisive battle is more a great victory than a turning point in history.

At times battles that were not great victories have been historically decisive. Creasy included Valmy, where the poorly organized armies of Revolutionary France surprised themselves and the rest of Europe by standing fast on some hilltops before the repeated Prussian attacks, and delivered a murderous defensive fire against them, till by nightfall the Prussians were too worn down to charge again. Mr. Murray, in bringing the Creasy list up to date, has included no battle from World War I as being historically decisive. That whole war brought no permanent decision, in either the historical or military sense, though Tannenburg is studied by military men as a classic victory. In the present war, which seems bound to bring a great turn in history, the vast battle of Russia in 1941, the earlier Battle of Britain, the great new onslaught we soon expect in Europe, and some later, large-scale Pacific fight, seem likely to be the fights that will have determined a great historical change.

All of Creasy's battles were fought in Europe except Arbela, in which Alexander crushed the ancient Persian empire, and Saratoga, which was the turning point of our own Revolution. Three others Creasy included were successful attempts by European armies to destroy invading armies—The Metaurus, where the Romans turned away the Carthaginians; Tours, where the Franks limited the Mohammedan incursion to Spain; and Chalons, where the Huns of Attila were scattered. Mr. Murray goes on around the world in the nine battles he adds to Creasy's fifteen and includes the chief fight of Cortez with the Aztecs; Quebec, Gettysburg, and Vicksburg; Ayacucho, the final battle of the South American wars for independence; and Mukden, which awakened Asia to the fighting abilities of her peoples. I think that the military history of Asia is not properly covered in the work of either author of the book. There were several hard Asiatic conflicts, ancient, medieval, and modern, the winning and losing of which had important results for the world.

It is, of course, our intense interest in today's war that has made a new edition of Creasy especially desirable. Creasy enabled the lay reader, through his dramatic simplification of military events, to grasp how battles were fought as well as what their long-term results have been. Mr. Murray, in extending Creasy's work through another century, is successful in doing the same thing, though his somewhat less sober style does offer a contrast.

Battles are not for soldiers alone. They are, in total warfare especially, a test of the alertness of whole peoples to self-preservation. "Decisive Battles" has particular value as a reminder that the onslaught of conquest has come from many directions, and that unready nations have seldom lived.



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WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT
Saturday Review of Literature

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The Phoenix Nest

I AM grateful to Ivan Swift of Detroit, Michigan, for introducing me to Chet Shafer's contributions to *The Detroit News*, from Three Rivers. Shafer's breezy stuff, I prophesy, will blow all over the country one of these days. He has the genuine homely touch! One of his "dispatches," the other day, spoke of what Jess Fredericks said when he heard a freight train going north on the Old L.S.&M.S. as it whistled for a far crossing:

> "I like t' hear train whistles," he declared, "I wish't they was more of 'em—t' hear. About all we git now is a couple a day—when th' freight goes north t' Kalamazoo—an' turns around an' comes back. Sometimes th' engineer blows for all th' crossin's an' gives 'em a good long blow . . . an' then ag'in he gits stingy an just gives a couple a toots . . . which ain't much account . . . I always remember th' whistle of th' Four-Forty-Eight . . . comin' in from th' north . . . just gittin' on t'ord dark . . . an' she'd come around th' curve along th' bank a th' millpond with her headlight on . . . an' th' lights in th' cars . . . just a roarin' . . . an' th' whistle goin' low an' O my! Gosh, that was nice t' hear."

This gave me a hunch to drop a line to my old friend, Frank M. Warner, Traveling Railroad Secretary for the National Council of the Young Men's Christian Associations. Frank knows something about trains and has traveled on a good many, and also is a great collector of folk-ballads. I asked him what he remembered about train whistles in the latter. He answered:

The first, of course,—

> The switchman knew by the engine's moans
> That the man at the throttle was Casey Jones.

Another easy one—

> Going down the grade making ninety miles an hour
> His whistle broke into a scream—

Frank Proffitt in Pick Britches Valley, N. C., sang "The Runaway Train" which paints a wild picture with

> The runaway train came down the track
> The whistle wide—the throttle back.

Frank also sang the well known tune which gives such a lonesome far-off feeling—standing on a mountain and listening—

> Down in the valley, valley so low,
> Late in the evening, hear the train blow.

And then there is a line from a "hurt-feeling" song of very old Aunt Armise, a former slave girl in Suffolk, Virginia. She sang

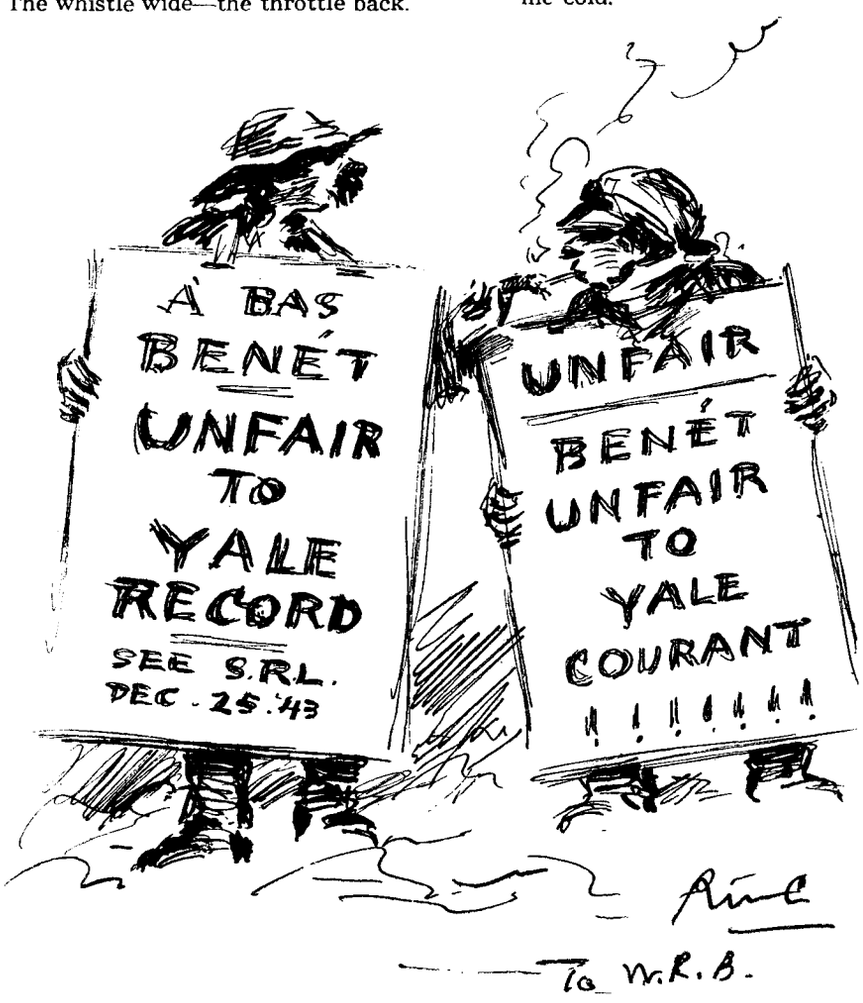
> I wish to the Lord the train would blow
> And carry me back where I was befo'

One of the best I know comes from that very good hobo song written by Post and Norton which really talks in railroad terms. The title is "The Gila Monster Route." This is a gem—

> When she hove in sight far up the track
> She was working steam, with her brake shoes slack.
> She hollered once at the whistle post
> Then she flitted by like a frightened ghost.

But the one that tops 'em all to my mind is this verse from a song sung to me by Private Richard O. Hamilton, late of Governors Island—a boy from down yonder. This is the prize—

> The screamin' of a steamboat never stirs my soul
> The roarin' of a ari-plane drives me cold.



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The only thang that makes me want
to na-vi-gate
Is the wildcat whistle of a south-
bound freight!

You will note the spirited illustration I am running this week, by that noted illustrator Raymond M. Crosby; and I hope you know the cause of it. I mentioned him several weeks ago as an artist whose work I first met "in *The Yale Courant* of the late '90s." This, I now admit, was not entirely true, as Mr. Crosby was the life of *The Yale Record* at that time, and *The Courant,* in its small chap-book size, was not an illustrated magazine. Nevertheless, I recall one *Courant* cover, at least, of a girl in a veil and the voluminous skirts of that period holding on her hat in, I think, a March wind, a poster type of cover, such as Edward Penfield used to do for *Harper's.* It was by Crosby; and I send this ringing challenge to him to deny it all the way from Santa Fé, New Mexico, where he now resides!

This is the time surely to tell the good news that a rare and delightful book for children of all ages, published quite a number of years ago in this country by George H. Doran, was issued again in 1943 by Chatto & Windus, 42 William IV Street, London, W. C. 2. This is "A Guide to Caper," to which long ago the late Eugene F. Saxton introduced me. It is written by Thomas Bodkin, with twenty-two pictures by Denis Eden, the distinguished husband of the distinguished poet, Helen Parry Eden, whose "Poems and Verses" the Bruce Publishing Company of Milwaukee have recently brought out over here. Caper is a town, and in Caper, according to the author, the two best places to stay are "The Harbor of the Incapables" (which has good nuts) and the Jocko Hotel (which has excellent beer). Its inhabitants, the Ursors, are a charming lot. To look at, they are rather like bears, and they have all sorts of curious buildings and names and customs. I should advise all readers of *The Phoenix Nest* to get to know Caper and the Ursors as soon as possible! The book is another of those that defy classification. But if you are an addict—!

Probably next week I shall have to have a Hiawatha number, as this subject seems to have stirred readers to much epistolary matter. The Onandagans are up in arms, and Schenectady is after the scalp of Schoolcraft! As for the Kipling quest, started by Bob Benchley, the Department of Pharmacology in the College of Medicine at the University of Vermont, has now plunged into it in the person of Clifford S. Leonard, who reports only that Doubleday, Page had it "Seventh Day" in 1915 and "daily toil" in 1916, and wonders whether R. K. changed it when "Collected Verse" first appeared in 1907. N. S. Olds of Grove Street, this city, says his Macmillan edition of 1896, first copyright 1892, carries "Seventh Day," which is now, admittedly, the original reading.

WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

LAST LINES OF FAMOUS POEMS

Here are some more last lines of famous poems. Can you remember the poem and the poet who wrote it? Allowing 5 points for each complete and correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 40.

1. The policeman's lot is not a happy one!
2. And the dawn comes up like thunder outer China 'crost the bay.
3. Christ! What are patterns for?
4. Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.
5. "Be merciful, to me, a fool!"
6. Mumbo . . . Jumbo . . . will . . . hoo-doo . . . you.
7. All losses are restored and sorrows end.
8. O, how that glittering taketh me!
9. Mirth, with thee I mean to live.
10. If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?
11. And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!
12. All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.
13. Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?
14. Be off, or I'll kick you downstairs.
15. But where are the snows of yester-year?
16. "But 'twas a famous victory."
17. I shall but love thee better after death.
18. Smiling, the boy fell dead.
19. Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.
20. They danced by the light of the moon.

RACE AND RUMORS OF RACE

By HOWARD W. ODUM

RACIAL conflicts are founded on tensions which are fed by rumor. In this remarkable book are tracked down and analyzed over 2000 inflammatory rumors prevalent in the South during the past two years — from the relatively harmless "Eleanor Club" stories to invitations to violence of the kind typified by: "The Negroes have bought up all the ice-picks in town and are just waiting for the next blackout." RACE AND RUMORS OF RACE holds a mirror up to certain American communities with disquieting results, for the pattern of the rumors shows clearly how deep the cancer lies and how great the task of education and adjustment that lies ahead.

SOME OF THE SUBJECTS REPORTED ON: Crisis in the Making—The New Negro Generation—The Romance of the Eleanor Clubs—The Ice-Pick and Race Riot Rumors—The Negro in the War Services—The Role of Outside Agitation—Science, Technology, Education, the Press and Radio—The Way Out and the Way On—etc. $2.00

The University of North Carolina Press

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A Debate on Language

An Editorial

IT is evening and the crowd of festively dressed men and women is converging on the door of the concert hall. How beautiful is concert life! The newly arrived spectators look into their program notes and commiserate with the poor devil whose symphony is to be played. He never got a penny for it, and he had such a wretched life, not even a tombstone to mark his grave. Happily the composer next on the program was a member of the Legion of Honor, and we are fully conversant with his career—he was twice divorced. Presently the conductor arrives, welcomed with enthusiastic applause, and when he raises that mysterious little piece of wood which elicits magic sounds not unlike the soothsayer's divining rod, everyone falls silent, the music begins.

The music critics watch with aplomb, a sage expression on their faces; they know in advance what will happen and why, still, they are also ready for the unexpected. Then the soloist appears and plays a fine concerto. The public expresses its boundless admiration for the performance by compelling the virtuoso to play encores, a few inconsequential solo pieces which will effectively obliterate the memory of the concerto. The intermission comes with its pleasant visits and guarded exchange of opinions. The opera glass, this indispensable tool of musical culture, comes into its own, widening the horizon of the musical world. The orchestra resumes. But perhaps to one among the spectators, as all that torrent of harmonies and melodies seems to fade away, an unseen spirit begins to speak.

"Music too is a language, how do you expect to understand it if you do not know its words? You are like the fellow listening to a commencement address in Latin, carried away by the orator's voice, his facial expression, and his meaningful gestures, but you are in no real contact with him. You have neglected to learn the grammar and syntax of music, you do not speak music, why then are you there? If you listen to a musical phrase, does the same chord vibrate in you which inspired the composer? Do you understand musical forms? Not the pigeonhole forms of our outmoded textbooks but those created anew by each work of art. Do you know history? Not the kind which tells about the battles of generals and the cast of first performances of operas, but the history which brings every phenomenon of an era into relationship, finds their common denominator. If you do not, what difference does it make to you whether you are listening to Bach, Beethoven, or Brahms? How do you know, then, what the creative mind receives from the genius of the times and what the times received from the creative mind? Do you know the composer's predecessors? Why do you call them something 'typically Beethovenian' when you do not know whether it came from Stamitz or Clementi?

"And do you know that every phase of musical civilization has its own autonomous language, that musical organisms have their own tendencies against which one cannot successfully oppose force, which determines the growth of musical fiber as building materials determine the style of architecture? Then how do you know when the artist goes along with the stream of music and when he turns aside from it? Where do you get your bearings and your faculty of judgment to separate real talent from the epigonous? And what do you know about the artist himself? You have read anecdotes from his life and you know from your program notes and other sources how he was a better composer than his erstwhile master and how the latter was better than his own 'forerunners,' but do you know in what he believed, of what he was afraid, with what he struggled in the dark and solitary hours of the night, what was his God, when he threw up his hands in despair, and when he triumphed in the intoxication of creation?

"I will tell you how you can arrive at communing with music. First of all you must be a person musically inclined, that is, a person who knows that music is not merely an evening's entertainment and who feels that the most intimate utterances cannot be expressed in the conventional words of the human language. If you are so inclined then get acquainted with the

CONTRIBUTORS

Douglas Moore, composer of "The Devil and Daniel Webster," and author of "Listening to Music," "From Madrigal to Modern Music," and various reviews and articles.

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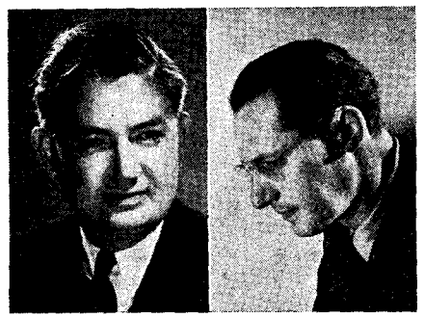

Guest Editors: Douglas Moore (left) and Paul Henry Lang.

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masters—not with the 'standard repertory' but with the sum total of a great period—and do this calmly, unhurriedly, preferably at home. Try to hear in these compositions not the clever stunts of orchestration but what is poignant and moving, sarcastic and humorous, what leads to the boundaries of human life and what points beyond them. Make music yourself, no matter how rudimentary your equipment and powers. Do not forget that the string quartets were not written for the Musical Art Quartet but for the ordinary music lovers who got together and played until they mastered a sonata, trio, or quartet; and songs were intended to be sung to a small group gathered around the piano and not to be bellowed from the podium of a big concert hall. The phonograph affords a great help in becoming really familiar with a particular composition for it makes possible the repetition of your experience. The composers did not create their masterpieces for one fleeting hearing. Listen to a great deal of chamber music and to the choral works of the old masters, for there is nothing to meet the eye, it is pure, unencumbered music. Then try to distinguish within each type of music the requirements of the type; do not demand of opera to be symphonic in character and do not expect a quartet to sound like an orchestral piece. Be always humble when facing a composer in his works, even if you do not yet understand his language.

"Having thus really entered the musical universe, search for more knowledge. Now take up the books on music, demand and read good books, and avoid like the plague the charlatans who instead of teaching you music want to teach you its 'appreciation' through silly stories and irresponsible shop talk. Do not misunderstand me, however, when I warn you of the glittering concert hall, for it is not necessarily the symbol of empty social recreation. On the contrary: the great artist wants to bring men together, he wants to tune together their hearts, for he is a tremendous unifying social force. But only when the people who assemble there do so in order to understand his words."

With the last crashing chords of the orchestra the concert ends. After a tug-of-war of modesty and brotherly love and esteem—the conductor vainly attempting to get the soloist and orchestra to share with him in the honors—the public disperses while the ushers diligently hunt under the seats for forgotten gloves and purses. They do not find many, but they recover the last remnants of the evening's glory, the crumpled program notes, now utterly useless and meaningless.

PAUL HENRY LANG.

How Far Will We Go with "Popularization"?

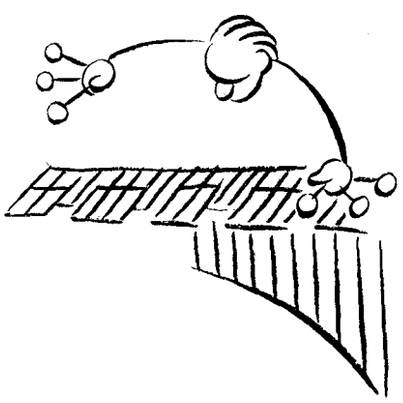
ROGER SESSIONS

I HOPE I shall not be suspected of undue special pleading if I stress the fact that musical achievement is to be measured solely in terms of production, not consumption, of music; and that even the former is mostly shallow and meaningless unless the impulse to produce is present in some strength, and the experience of musical production at close range a familiar one.

It would be fairly easy to prove this. The experience of music, as of other arts, is the result of a process in which the hearer repeats and reabsorbs the composer's thought. Just as in reading a poem with understanding, we reproduce and interpret it, so he who genuinely responds to music is not the mere listener, but rather one who grasps the music with his consciousness and re-experiences it, if not in actual physical sounds, at least with a clear and vivid inner repetition of these sounds by his memory and imagination. This process is akin to the original experience of the composer, and in communities or groups possessing a degree of real musical susceptibility it is inevitable that the creative impulse will also be present.

These observations are prompted by a recent statement by one of our most prominent critics, acclaiming the American concert audience as the most enlightened in the world. While I have no wish to inquire into the exact meaning of this statement or to challenge any bouquets which he tossed in that direction, it seemed to me not irrelevant to make some observations concerning the relation of our contemporary production to our whole musical state of affairs.

To be sure, the subject has many ramifications, not to be adequately treated in a few short paragraphs. Music in America is beset by inner as well as outer problems. We—and I speak not only or even primarily of composers—dispute regarding what is truly national, or on the more abstruse questions of esthetic value; we are constantly taking our musical temperature; we worry over theoretical incompatibilities, as between imagination and intelligence; or indulge in much wishful and fearful thinking, rationalization, and even—under the influence of a vast and motley array of musicology addicts—pseudo-scientific fantasy. These symptoms, and the inner hesitations which they bespeak, act as a constant deterrent to bold and decisive musical experience and creation; and they lie near the heart of the real problems of music in the United States, for which the solution depends ultimately on the gifts and development of musicians.



Connected with these problems, however, is another rather of a social nature, and the result of two facts.

First—music is available to the mass of listeners only through an intermediary, the performer, who dispenses his wares by means of the concert or opera stage. Both of the latter evolved first in Europe, from court functions to public cultural institutions, subsidized by the State or by private patronage. Later in Europe and in the United States, under the pressure of a rapidly changing economy, they have tended more and more to evolve into profit-making enterprises, and to pass under the control of purely commercial interests, such as concert bureaus or radio corporations.

It is not difficult to see how profoundly this evolution has affected our musical life. All the resources of publicity are used to enhance the commercial value of reputations, and in some cases to create such reputations out of intrinsically indifferent though tactically convenient material. Concert programs are designed increasingly to attract as many and to offend as few listeners as possible, with well-chosen exceptions for the sake of prestige. All is done in the name of "giving the public what it wants," but numerous examples could be cited to show a discernible tendency to encourage the public to want what is cheapest, most convenient, and most profitable to offer it; and there is the success of the New Friends of Music in New York City as evidence that a considerable portion of the public would welcome

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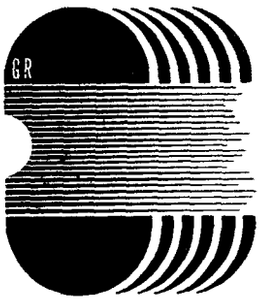


something different from the average concert program. "The public," however—waiving the question whom it actually includes—has no real means of expressing itself, and the press, caught often in dilemmas of conflicting loyalty, generally chooses not to raise embarrassing questions.

Secondly—music is by its very nature evanescent; it unfolds itself in time, each moment passes irrevocably even as it comes into being. I will not attempt to show how far truer this is of music than of such arts as poetry, or the drama which bear a superficial resemblance to music in this respect. Imagine, however, the poetry lover if he were obliged to rely for his experience on occasional public readings.

It must be remembered that until very recent times the musical public was composed in large measure of amateur musicians; people, that is, who played and sang, and to whom music was in the first place a means, however rudimentary, of self-expression. Orchestral and chamber music, both classic and contemporary, was made available to them in the form of abundant and easily procurable arrangements for piano, two hands, four hands, and even more elaborate combinations. The result was a kind of contact and intimacy with music, with which no amount of mere listening can ever really compete. The musical public was a public of *participants* whose musical experience was largely independent of the current concert fare.

Admittedly there have been compensations for the disappearance of this type of public. The revolutionary changes which the radio and the gramophone have introduced into musical life are obvious and some of these are emphatically on the positive side. Undeniably there are, in the United States, more listeners than ever before; these listeners, moreover, are conversant with a wide body of music, and often equipped with historical facts, elementary notions regarding form and technique, and other handy bits of information. All this, however, is irrelevant to the main issue, which is a question not of familiarity with music as of information about music, but of what music means in terms of daily experience and richness of inner development. It is too easy to overlook the real loss sustained in converting the music public from active participants in music, however humble, into passive beneficiaries of musical activity sponsored and distributed, so to speak, from on high. It is easy, also, to lose sight of the extent to which this development has favored the regimentation of our musical life. For the more completely the public depends on ready-made goods—however excellent—the more susceptible it becomes to the devices of publicity and the more docile in relation to the conveniences of the purveyor.

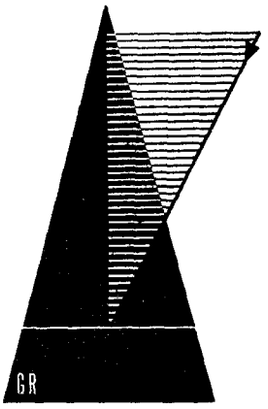
To the composer this all means a loosening of the natural ties that bind him to his listeners. For the means of really close contact are, generally speaking, simply not available. The more difficult or problematical his work—and what work of lasting value was not difficult or problematical in its day?—the less likely it is to receive frequent performance. The discrepancy between reputations such as those of Bartok, Schönberg, or Stravinsky and the frequency of performances of their characteristic works is startling, to say the least. The works are difficult to play, exacting to listen to, and even were they performed more frequently, this would be quite insufficient to deliver their musical messages. It would be insufficient also in the case of the classic composers, were their idiom not familiar, their music not underscored by daily performance, by tradition, and education, and by the influence they have exerted on their followers through the years.

It seems entirely likely that the tendencies I have outlined will become stronger rather than weaker. Quite probably, under pressure from the large interests which now support them, chamber music programs will tend to become even "lighter" and more hybrid and in, say, ten years, the programs of our standard orchestras will come to resemble more closely those of Mr. André Kostelanetz, and publicity will gradually erase the distinction between, say, Mozart and Rimsky-Korsakoff. There will be less reason than there is now for the inclusion of serious and inevitably problematical contemporary music on our standard programs. The point is that already its occasional presence there seems almost inconspicuous, a concession to standards and conditions which have passed, and to the remnants of prestige which those standards still carry.

It would be as idle to deplore these facts as to deny them. They are due to no artistic malice on the part of those who provide our public musical fare, most of whom are certainly sincere and even determined in their efforts to maintain the highest standards possible. Rather they are the result of economic and social forces which are everywhere operative, and against which resistance under prevailing conditions would be futile. They are, however, conditions to be faced by all who have the future of music at heart.

The question, then, is quite other than the usual one—"What shall be done for the American composer?" Many efforts have been made in this direction, some of them helpful in a palliative sense, others rather harmful than otherwise. But it is not a question of giving the composer money, leisure, or performances; composers are likely to go on composing under the most outwardly discouraging conditions. Rather it is a question of utilizing his work and his talents in such a way that they make their own contribution to a general richness of experience. To this end we must begin by recognizing his gifts not as a means of success or profit for the individual but as a part of a common wealth, and on his part an obligation simply to do his best. After that, we must provide him with, not "performances" but *occasions*—occasions on which the work which he alone can provide is essential and where it will be met with, not a "hearing," but a genuine effort at real response. Perhaps we should begin by encouraging as energetically and in as many ways as possible the formation of several local centers of musical activity, with the utilization of the best available talents, and genuine coöperation of musicians of all types. Such communities exist here and there throughout the United States and constitute at least embryonic grounds for hope in what is, by and large, a somewhat gloomy picture.

But I do not mean to suggest a program of action; space does not permit it, nor is this the proper place nor occasion. I do, however, feel that the above facts, necessarily and even drastically over-simplified in so brief a summary, are cardinal in any appraisement of our musical situation, and that they require the thoughtful attention of every true music-lover.



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Wanted: Poets for Opera

Writers Are Needed to Bolster the Story "Appeal"

ERIC T. CLARKE

THE other day, outside the Opera House, I bumped into an old acquaintance, now in uniform. He was home on leave.

"Still going the same round of the moldy classics, I see," he said, pointing to the bill-boards.

Why moldy? Wasn't there a new generation of opera goers to whom they're fresh?

"But why don't you people toss in an honest-to-goodness American opera once in a while?"

That could be done if any such opera were established as a box office attraction. No opera house could get along these days with empty benches.

"Well," my friend continued, "why not produce an occasional one-act piece and hang it on to some opera with a known drawing power?"

That also could be done. There was need for curtain-raisers to the Donizetti, Rossini, and other short operas. But where to find one?

"Surely there must be plenty of good American composers capable of writing operas!"

Indeed there were, but it takes two to write an opera—librettist first, then composer. It was always awkward when a composer tried to write his own book.

"For pity's sake," my friend interrupted, "don't let's have them writing their own verses, trying to be little Wagners. Better stick to the real one, at that."

We laughed, and went our separate ways.

That very evening, Mr. X got off the same subway train as I. Some of the symphony orchestras had recently been playing his stuff, so all must be well.

"Yes, indeed," he said as we walked upstairs. "But I really would like to work on another opera and have been looking for a book. Can't seem to find one anywhere. If you come across a suitable libretto, let me know."

I promised, but without much hope. Writers who think in such terms are scarce. They are the bottleneck of American opera, the constriction in the clinical thermometer—must be shaken to register rightly.

A good libretto is the making of any opera. The operatic countries of Europe have developed some pretty good poet-librettists for themselves, and these have given their collaborators, the composers, good material to work on, so we have had good operas from those countries. But that hasn't happened here yet. There are piles on piles of American operatic scores in manuscript, but almost invariably there's trouble in the libretto, even when the subject is good. Almost invariably, too, whenever an American opera has been produced, it has failed to hold the boards because of some weakness in dramatic story-telling. Only on the musical comedy stage have American writers yet shown their native ability.

Certainly there's no reason to think that American authors couldn't turn out good opera books if they tried. They've been successful with novels, conspicuously so with short stories. As playwrights they are outstanding and have given real meaning to the term "American Drama." As poets they are doing well. Moreover, many an American author has succeeded in adjusting himself to the problem of writing motion-picture treatments.

Then why have most of our good authors passed opera by? Scarcely for lack of returns—royalties on each performance and on sales of the published score and book are well worth the gamble. Perhaps it is because there's so much in opera that seems like outworn fustian. Opera is a laggard art which lives in tradition and seems fated everywhere to prolong theatrical customs as they were anywhere from a generation to half a century earlier. That's the penalty that must be paid under the repertory system, when repertory in Shakespeare and the other classics of the stage has about died. If this is the reason, then it's only a question of time until our writers will have the incentive to do for opera what they're doing for the speaking stage and screen.

IT seems more likely, though, that American authors in general are neglecting opera because they haven't yet been brought to respect the operatic libretto as a suitable vehicle for their dramatic ideas. Those who go to opera at all are accustomed to performances in foreign languages which leave most of the audience with only a hazy idea of what's actually happening on the stage. If they've bought a book of the words and read beyond the synopsis, they see so many stupidities that it's hard to keep a straight face—inept translations that bring to mind that prize couplet in the Novello version of the Mozart Requiem:

> In Thy favor'd sheep's position
> Save me from the goat's condition.

Small wonder if they (like the general public) have the idea that the word "libretto" means something silly.

To get writers freed from this disdain and interested in the possibilities of opera will be difficult enough. To get the poets among them familiar with the problems and pitfalls of opera and able to express themselves in words composers can use will be even more so. It takes time to think up stories appropriate for opera, to let as much as possible of the action occur on stage instead of talking about what happened off. It takes time and study to arrange the episodes in suitable order and rhythm for composition, to write singable words that won't bring climaxes on squeaky syllables. Every poet knows that words when sung take a color and significance they do not have when spoken, and if it is his job to dance gracefully in fetters, in time he'll come to see that the restrictions of opera have added nothing unreasonable to his harness.

One of these days we shall have our own operatic expression. The annual crop of new native works will be produced with the same regularity as are other musical shows today, and about as often; thumbs will be down on some, perhaps up on others; composer and librettist will be photographed together, pointing out the choice bits of their beloved score; newspaper columns will carry stories

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about picture rights, radio rights, rights of translation (except the Scandinavian). Then perhaps we may begin to look for operas that will be popular as well as an expression of our American culture.

Meanwhile, American opera waits for its poets, for accomplished craftsmen, who'll have reviewed the existing English versions of foreign works and seen what's wrong with them and how they might have been done better, who'll have made news translations for themselves before attempting original works, who'll have talked with conductors, stage directors, and singers, about how the operatic production machine actually moves. For such poets the sonority of the Handel and Purcell settings of fine English poetry will ring in the ear. Where are they now? We need them to reestablish the noble tradition of Dryden's day.

Tchaikovsky and His Works

TCHAIKOVSKY. By Herbert Weinstock. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1943. 386 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by FELIX BOROWSKI

IT is a remarkable circumstance that the English-speaking world should have had to wait for half a century before the first definitive and frankly written biography of Tchaikovsky could put in an appearance.

Herbert Weinstock, whose work on the Russian master was published last month, is not, of course, the first to give a detailed account of Tchaikovsky's life and accomplishments, but his is by far the most complete and satisfactory. The biographies that went before largely were based upon the abridged translation of Modeste Tchaikovsky's book made by Rosa Newmarch. Long before Mr. Weinstock began the present work it had been evident that Modest's biography was unreliable. Richard H. Stern, in his "Tschaikowskj," published at Berlin in 1927, drew attention to the circumstance, but he did not point out one of the reasons for it. Both Modeste and his illustrious brother were homosexuals, and much in the composer's experience in life (and in Modeste's, too) had discreetly to be suppressed. "I have found," wrote Mr. Weinstock in the preface to his biography, "that there is scarcely one page in Modeste's 'Life and Letters' without some misstatement of fact, accidental or deliberate, or some purposeful elision. This unreliability extends even to his quotations from his brother's letters."

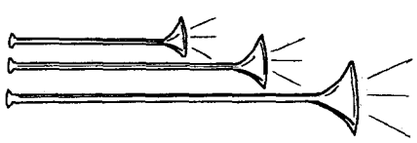
The author has taken advantage of a vast amount of information which in the last few years had been made available by the Soviet authorities. A modicum of it, to be sure, was used by Catherine Drinker Bowen and Barbara von Meck in their "Beloved Friend," brought out seven years ago, but Mr. Weinstock justifiably sneers at much of the contents of that volume as being "fictionized."

The worth of the new biography consists not only in an almost diary-like correlation of the events of Tchaikovsky's life with his works, but in a number of illustrations, some familiar enough, but others entirely new.

Admirable as is the volume under review, it could have been made even more so if some investigation into the origin of Tchaikovsky's neurosis had been sought. Biographers seldom have attempted to probe clinically into the heredity of psychotic celebrities, but such investigation might yield interesting results. In the case of the Russian composer, the taint which led to so much tragedy in his life, came from his mother's side. Mr. Weinstock does no more than state that Mme. Tchaikovsky's grandfather was an epileptic.

The bane began early to spread into the nervous system of the future composer of the "Pathetic" symphony. He was only eight when, as Mr. Weinstock writes, he had "moved a long way on the road to neurasthenia. He cried easily, puttered aimlessly at minor occupations, wrote hysterical letters to his beloved, lost Fanny (his governess), grew morose, pallid, and unwell, and moped feverishly about the house." The disposition to tears remained with Tchaikovsky all his life. He was fifty-three when, composing the "Pathetic" symphony, he wrote to his nephew, Vladimir Davidov, "While composing it during my trip, I frequently cried." The neurasthenic spells, the hours of black melancholy, the hallucinations, so often recorded in Mr. Weinstock's volume, make sad reading, not less sad because the subject of them was possessed of so winning and charming a character.

There is a fully documented account of the extraordinary friendship between the composer and Nadeshda von Meck, the wealthy woman who adored his music and gave him a yearly income, but whom he never met. The story of Tchaikovsky's tragic marriage to Antonina Milyukova also is fascinating reading. Describing to his brother, Anatol, the beginning of his honeymoon, the composer wrote: "As the train started I was at the point of screaming, choked with sobs." A separation was inevitable. "His friends," narrates Mr. Weinstock, "noticed a peculiar, unpleasant look in Piotr Ilyich's handsome blue eyes. He was, had they but known it, holding to self-control and sanity by a prolonged, terrible and losing effort. He hated his wife, loathed being near her, could find not an hour's peace for thinking, composing, or just sitting idle."



The end of Tchaikovsky's troubles came with the attack of cholera which brought about his death in 1893. There were rumors at the time that the master had committed suicide by drinking a glass of unboiled, cholera-laden water from the Neva. Mr. Weinstock considers the suicide theory untenable, but Tchaikovsky's friend, Alexander Glazounov, once informed me that the water was drunk deliberately at the Leiner restaurant, in St. Petersburg, in spite of the warnings of the waiter to whom he had given the order to bring it.

Although the author of "Tchaikovsky" states in his Introduction that he has written a biography and not a critical study of the Russian master's music, he is unable to resist the temptation—or, perhaps, he realizes the expediency—of reviewing the qualities of many of the works whose production made up Tchaikovsky's career. At the end of the volume there is a list of the composer's works, more complete than any in earlier English or American biographies, and there is also an exceptionally valuable bibliography.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: NO. 31

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. The solution to Crypt No. 31 will be found in the next issue.

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MBTMCF RVFMKFMF,
FDOWMSF MZMNH TKVS,
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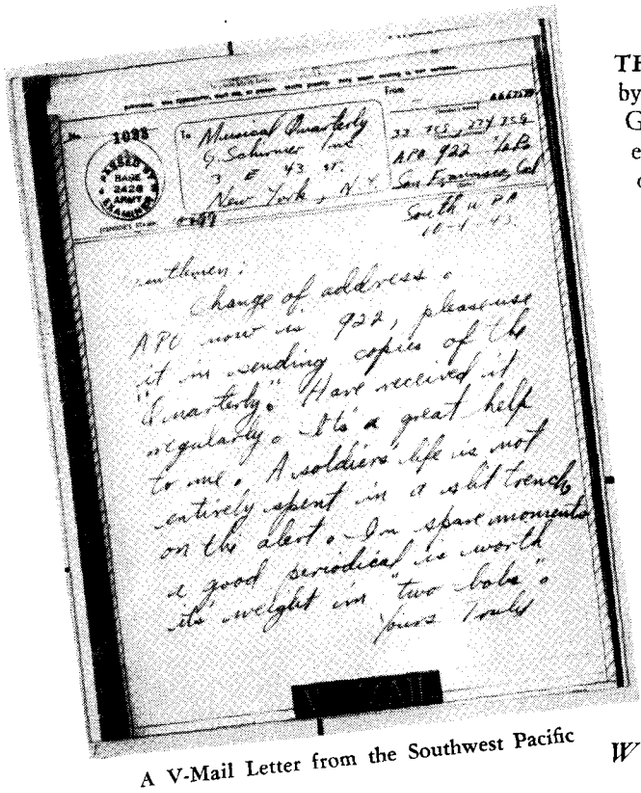

A V-Mail Letter from the Southwest Pacific

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The Trend Is to the Clear and Intelligible

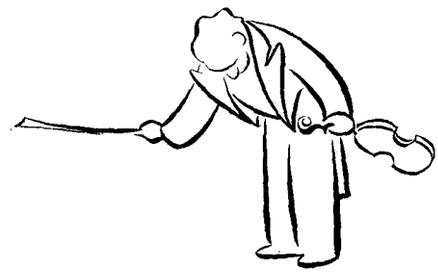
ELLIOTT CARTER

THE war has had many surprising effects on the publication of serious music in the United States. By its very nature, this music has traditionally been written and printed for an audience whose limits were the limits of Western culture and for whom differences of language were no barrier to understanding. In the past, Europe was, of course, its chief source, while America was content to reprint a few widely popular standard works to fill the needs of amateur students. Professionals usually used European editions, keeping up with new music solely through publishers abroad. European musicians led the styles and even when American composers wrote important music, this, too, needed the sanction of European publication. Now, things are different.

Today, with many of Europe's most important composers, Stravinsky, Hindemith, Milhaud, Schönberg, and the others living in this country, and with a lively school of American composition producing a large quantity of music, American publishers are beginning to broaden their scope. A wise thing to do, for in the near future they will probably have to supply a considerable part of the world market. In America, therefore, we have a special opportunity to follow at close hand the latest developments of Western music, and it is the purpose of this article to review a few samples of easily obtainable, interesting music printed in the past year which give indications of recent trends.

The course of contemporary music as we can judge it from here seems to have continued in much the same direction as it has followed since around 1930. Most composers are seeking in every direction ways of organizing their works into clear, intelligible patterns for definite audiences and performing groups. Between about 1910 and 1930 most outstanding composers aimed at the portrayal of new feelings, using all kinds of novel devices with apparent disregard for what audiences thought. Now this tendency is almost entirely past. Even older composers, like Arnold Schönberg and Paul Hindemith who matured their styles during the twenties, are now engaged in a systematization of their personal musical languages with a view to making them more widely understood. Younger composers no longer make their way by odd and unusual sound effects but by using the musical material of our time in a personal and meaningful way.

For instance, a series of new piano works published by Mercury Music Corp., features such charming confections as Paul Bowles's "El Indio" and "El Bejuco," based on Mexican folk material. They are short, direct pieces of engaging freshness and gaiety with a special subtle sense of dissonance which is entirely personal and natural. Or, also, Gail Kubik's humorous and pleasant "Dance Soliloquy" which neatly parodies the popular style without ever falling into the banal. "Three Preludes," by Robert Palmer (Valley



Music Press, Northampton, Mass.), are of great melodic invention and interest, combining contrasting rhythms in a most ingenious and effective way. William Schuman's setting of Whitman texts for chorus and orchestra or two pianos, "A Free Song," and his "Concerto for Piano and Small Orchestra" (both G. Schirmer) show his great reliance on dynamic effects to produce a vigorous,excited mood. All this music avoids harsh dissonance, is direct, and easily intelligible. Indeed, very few young composers have been able to use strong dissonances with any degree of success, but some, like Samuel Barber in his new "Violin Concerto" (G. Schirmer), have returned to the old-fashioned style as taught in conservatories before the last war and have used it with considerable authority and conviction if not with great personality. So much for some of the new comers.

The established composers divide themselves into those who have gradually changed their style and those who have continued in their own way. Of the first, Aaron Copland, whose music during the past ten years has become more direct and also more consonant, has published "A Lincoln Portrait" (Boosey and Hawkes) in miniature orchestral score. In this work the listener is left in no doubt about the composer's intention, for in the last of its three sections the words of Lincoln are spoken above a moving and inspired background of music which almost matches them in dignity. Unlike his more severe and abstract "Piano Sonata" of last year, this work has a simplicity of character that makes its effect immediate. For a much larger audience and even more direct are his three songs from the moving picture "The North Star," with words by Ira Gershwin of which "The Younger Generation" is perhaps the most delightful.

Of a very different child-like character is Virgil Thomson's "Piano Sonata No. 3" (Mercury Music), dedicated to Gertrude Stein. A musical paradigm of Miss Stein's prose, Thomson's sonata is made up of simple tunes, quaint accompaniment figures, and simple chords, and is on the white keys throughout. It sounds a bit like the improvisations of a rather unmusical child and at the same time manages to catch the charm and the element of surprise that just such a performance might have for a sophisticated musician a little impatient with standard musical practice.

In a median position between these two composers, Douglas Moore, whose one act opera, "The Devil and Daniel Webster" (Boosey and Hawkes), has recently appeared, never went through a dissonant or experimental period but always followed his own path that led him some time ago into Americana. Now, looking back, Mr. Moore seems to have been ahead of his time by many years. His opera is full of theatrical sense and beautiful, rather homespun, music. Recently, of course, many composers have taken up Americana, and Henry Cowell's "American Muse" (Music Press) for women's chorus and piano is a fine example of this.

Of older dissonant composers, Carl Ruggles has persisted in his harsh and passionate style. "Three Evocations" for piano (New Music Quarterly) have an ecstatic, uncompromising sincerity which will probably never be popular any more than some of the poetry of Hart Crane whose subjective intensity finds a parallel in Ruggles's work. The third dedicated to Charles Ives is the most approachable and reveals the painstaking workmanship which is one of the things that makes his music noteworthy.

Among the Europeans living here Paul Hindemith, whose music has had a very wide influence, is busy rationalizing his style. His new large piano work "Ludus Tonalis" (Associated Music Publishers), subtitled "Studies in Counterpoint, Tonal Organization and Piano Playing," is a set of twelve

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fugues separated by interludes. Beginning with a brilliant Praeludium and ending with a Postludium which is the same written upside down and backwards, the music abounds in all kinds of similar devices, all set in the style of the composer and all of different characters. The work, of course, challenges comparison with Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord," the pattern of which it greatly resembles. In skill, in musicianship, in musical invention, it can stand beside its model. But in Bach there is also a picture of the passions of the soul, each one different, and each one somehow put into relief by the technical devices. It is here that Hindemith's music suffers by comparison. For while many pages have a freshness or a vigor or a gaiety or even a nostalgic sadness, the sum total of the work does not have a large enough emotional scope to make it interesting as one continuous performance, as is the case with the "Well-Tempered Clavichord." However, every part by itself is full of musical fascination.

Exploration in Counterpoint

STEPS TO PARNASSUS: The Study of Counterpoint. By Johann Joseph Fux. Translated and edited by Alfred Mann. New York: W. W. Norton. 1943. 156 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by RANDALL THOMPSON

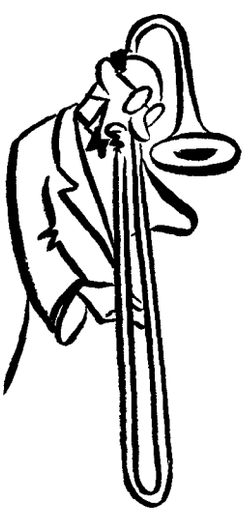
"I DO not believe that I can call back composers from the unrestrained insanity of their writing. . . . My object is to help young persons who want to learn." So Fux addressed his readers when, in 1775, he first published his *Gradus ad Parnassum.*

The remark holds good today; for although, by being translated into English for the first time, the *Gradus* has become accessible to a whole new body of composers, it is still unlikely to call back any whose insanity has reached the unrestrained stages; but it can and will be enormously helpful to any young person who wants to learn counterpoint.

This is not a book for laymen, but is one-in-a-hundred for students and teachers of counterpoint. It is easily the simplest, clearest, and most charming presentation of the subject in our language. Widespread use of it would go a long way toward wiping out the dryness and unreality that, too long and too often, have surrounded the experience in living beauty that counterpoint can and should be.

The work will be of value also to teachers and students of musical history or analysis. To have access to the very treatise from which Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven learned counterpoint is to be in a position to understand in a new light much of what they wrote. And since either the work itself or others derived from it have been the text for every composer of note from Bach's time to the present, Fux's treatise is one key to the musical thought of the past two hundred years. It is also something of a key to sixteenth century polyphonic practice, on which it is freely based.

The work established the teaching of counterpoint by its articulation into five species. Perhaps the first question that teachers will raise will be whether recourse to the species has not been used long enough; whether we might not now go straight to work in a florid counterpoint in imitation of our primary sources, the polyphonic compositions of the sixteenth century. There is something to be said for this, especially since it would keep the work of art constantly before the student and make his study of theory more properly a study of *composition* right from the start—which it should be. But whatever the advantages of learning through imitation, is it not needlessly confusing and laborious as a regular method? Imitation is one good way to build a bridge, for example, but it is a slow, hard way and not entirely safe. Nine times out of ten, the bridge builder begins to learn his craft by learning two-times-two. Such is Fux's methods in teaching counterpoint. He himself justifies it by an analogy to the method "by which children learn first letters, then syllables, then combinations of syllables, and finally how to read and write." And he continues: "When I used this method in teaching I observed that the pupils made amazing progress within a short time." The music which his method unlocked in those who studied it seems ample testimony to the method's validity.



If the book lacks examples from great music, this is a lack for which any live teacher would naturally compensate by recourse to the polyphonic masters. For copious examples of exercises worked out in full, the book is outstanding. Some teachers—and some students—may be quick to perceive that, here and there, the counterpoints presented are capable of some improvement. But I know of none who will not relish pointing this out or who, for that matter, will not benefit greatly by the attempt to offer a better solution themselves.

A careful reading of the work and examination of its 204 examples raise scarcely a question but what is answered either in the text or, with scrupulous care, by Mr. Mann in his liberal notes. Throughout the work are many instances of his determination to give the exact meaning of the original Latin text. Moot points are fairly presented in the Appendix. Besides high fidelity to the original, the translation has great clarity, readability, and charm. (The only objection which I could raise would be to the rather frequent use of "However" as a conjunction at the beginning of a sentence.) However periodic the original Latin may have been, the English text succeeds in not sounding like a translation at all, but like a cultivated discussion between teacher and student.

With the virtues of a fluent translation Mr. Mann combines the grace of true scholarship. A book is fortunate indeed to be well translated by one whose knowledge of its subject matter enables him at the same time to edit it, and supplement its contents, with skill and insight. In Mr. Mann's notes are many helpful references to Padre Martini's work on the same subject. We understand that he plans to bring out a translation of this other great eighteenth century treatise on counterpoint, with all its wealth of musical illustrations. It will be a fine companion piece to the Fux, which amply demonstrates Mr. Mann's qualifications for the task, and we eagerly await its completion.

I suspect that "Steps to Parnassus" will be widely used in classrooms. It could also be used with pleasure and profit by those who, through circumstance, may be forced to teach themselves. As the aged author hinted, it may not clear up all pathological conditions in the composing world; but it should help preserve a certain sanity in those who struggle along that "very precipitous path" that leads to the "mountain of the muses."

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Mr. Taubman Looks at the Score

MUSIC ON MY BEAT. By Howard Taubman. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1943. 267 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS MOORE

IF there were to be another time capsule for 1943 Howard Taubman's "Music on My Beat" would be an excellent piece of evidence to deposit. For this "intimate volume of shop talk" is a fairly complete picture of music in the United States as it exists today. If anything has been left out it is not visible to the naked eye. Mr. Taubman's interest ranges from music to composer to performer to manager to patron to critic to audience. Gathering stories along the way and pausing for sociological and critical observation he concocts a flavorsome blend of entertainment and information which should be widely read and enjoyed. Stories at best are a perishable commodity. Some of these have been heard before; some are scarcely worth the telling but they do attract the general reader who might shy off from a more serious discussion of the questions which Mr. Taubman chooses to raise. The matter is sometimes trivial in the manner of a moving picture fan magazine and again it is arresting and important. If one must wade through such items as Stokowski's diet, Toscanini's fondness for collapsible knives, the mutual incompatibility of Miss Grace Moore and Mr. John Charles Thomas, or the asthmatic tendencies of Mr. Joseph Szigeti in playing the violin, one is also rewarded by some interesting facts about such things as public taste, concert repertory, the economics of the concert and opera field, race discrimination, and the musical education of children.

Mr. Taubman's opinions, by no means conventional and often highly interesting, are presented in consistently urbane fashion. Many of them represent such sound diagnosis of our musical growing pains as to entitle them to a more impressive setting. This would probably limit the audience and would detract from the completeness of the picture; very possibly his formula is the wisest choice.

The picture presented is that of an enormous activity which is undergoing all sorts of adjustments involved in a shift of patronage from the few to the many. The dangers of commercial exploitation, increasing mechanization, overemphasis of the publicized "star," absorbtion of the young in jazz and swing are faced with equanimity. In principle he is opposed to the highbrow and to the imposition of standards which are not in accord with the public's own sense of enjoyment. He apparently believes that the instinct and good sense of the public may be trusted in the long run to establish sound musical values and if not nothing much can be done about it anyway.

Some of the points raised are so interesting that one would wish for a more extended discussion. The following question, for instance, is rhetorical but asking it involves responsibilities which Mr. Taubman inclines to evade:

> Our august musical institutions were kept alive for decades by generous patrons. Now we are told, they are becoming more democratic. But they have not carried the democratic idea much farther than inviting the general public to contribute to their upkeep. Our most venerable organizations have conducted nation-wide campaigns for funds, and have accepted donations of one dollar or less. The public has contributed, but is there any change in the direction of the institutions? Is the public invited to elect representatives to the boards of directors? Is the public told exactly how the money has been spent?

On the other hand he hits out directly upon occasion without any pulling of punches. The children's concert fetish is characterized as follows:

> There is always the danger that concerts for young people will be patronizing and tedious. Some of the series run by our major orchestras leave something to be desired. A big hall is filled with youngsters of varying ages. The concerts are led by a good musician who may offer a hash of information, pallid philosophy, and stale jokes. The lads and lassies sometimes listen; often they launch paper airplanes or fidget in their seats until the ordeal is over, as they would during a sermon.

"Music on My Beat" is deceptively easy reading but it might conceivably stir up some ideas in the mind of a complacent and unsuspecting public.

Portraits of Musical Heroes

THE STREAM OF MUSIC. By Richard Leonard. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1943. 454 *pp.* $4.50.

Reviewed by BRUCE SIMONDS

ON the jacket of Mr. Leonard's book appears a sub-title which, though it is not repeated on the title page, seems to indicate the real character of the book better than the title itself; namely, "The Story of Music in Terms of the Great Men Who Made It." Correct this phrase "of the great men" to "*some* of the great men" and you will have a far more accurate description. His own title will not admit Mr. Leonard's restriction (which he carefully explains) to music of the past 300 years. In spite of an introduction and a few passages intended to bridge the gap from one composer to the next, the general impression made by this book is that of a study of the most well-known European musicians of the last two centuries;—a study of personalities, not of trends.

Once one has accepted this restriction and the rather conventional scheme of the book (had we not thought the day was past when Bach was considered the first great personality in the field of music?), one may find much interesting material, lucidly set forth. No pretense is made to introduce new material, but the book is up-to-date. In fact, it seems first of all competent, rather than original, or sensitive, or provocative. Mr. Leonard does not tilt for composers whose reputations are not firmly grounded; he is not of the Berlioz, Bruckner, or Mahler cults. He follows Mr. Cecil Gray (not the safest of guides) on Sibelius. He is successful in his endeavor to put a clearly painted portrait of each hero before his readers, and he has gleaned all the latest biographies for all the latest information on diseases and abnormalities. His style is sometimes colloquial; he does not disdain the word "inspirational," nor apparently do his editors. His vice is a certain obviousness; his virtues are clarity of expression and arrangement, and conciseness.

The book, it is clear, is written for popular consumption; for the vast radio audience which Mr. Leonard, as a commentator, knows so well. In general, it brings under one pair of covers a considerable amount of information, all of which could be easily obtained by consulting the very accessible books in his bibliography. One exception to this statement may be found in the really significant account of the relations between Richard Strauss and the Nazi government; something which has not, so far as I am aware, appeared in any other book.

Without disparaging Mr. Leonard's production, one would like to see some time an entirely different book with an identical title, a book which should record if possible some of the reasons for the flowing of the stream of music here and there, with particular reference to relatively obscure composers who were none the less important in furthering its flow: such musicians as Pelham Humfreys (who forms the link between Lully and Purcell), Durante, Geminiani, Richter, Boëly, Cherubini, Rust. Through such hidden springs and narrow channels, sometimes, was the current of music kept moving, to spread out gloriously in the majestic floods of a Mozart or a Bach.

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The Man With the Guarnerius

RISE TO FOLLOW: An Autobiography. By Albert Spaulding. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1943. 328 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by CHALMERS CLIFTON

"RISE TO FOLLOW" is a witty and interesting book, in many ways an unusual and unexpected book from the pen of a concert violinist. With becoming modesty, Mr. Spaulding tells us of his momentary feeling of embarrassment and inferiority at the lack of a college education. His brother, Boardman, was graduating from Yale College, there was the traditional "Prom," and Mr. Spaulding wasn't one of the boys. Suffice it to say, that not many graduates of American colleges in that generation could write in a style so facile and fluent, with such a shrewd, assured, if somewhat mundane outlook upon a very particular world.

This autobiography, a lineal descendant of the polite memoirs of some generations past, gives the impression of careful sifting. Those whose tastes are attuned to the reportorial style, candid and revelatory, so prevalent today, may find themselves momentarily disconcerted. Alongside the political unrest which followed the turn of the century, there were more than faint rumblings of stylistic revolution in music, with its accompaniment of savage and bitter cliquishness. This isn't Mr. Spaulding's world. He carves out his career with concentration and purpose, moving among the madding crowd, cool and unperturbed, with a detachment as skilful as his staccato. There are no raucous chuckles and the writer is never confessing himself to the reading public. One must find out about him from his discreet opinions of others. Grandma might not have liked one or two of the anecdotes, but the present generation will read them without batting an eye. This is not for pedants and revolutionaries, for we have here a book of travel and reminiscences incident to a definite professional activity written with wit and charm.

Jean Sibelius gets a brief and sympathetic notice. For the sophisticates, who may sniff and raise their eyebrows, be it said that the subject of Sibelius at a metropolitan dinner table, can still arouse more than a flicker of resentment. Mr. Spaulding compares his genius to the sombre flame of El Greco. Fritz Kreisler adds his appraisal—"an altered world with an added dimension." We are somewhat skeptical of critical elements too far removed from purely musical considerations, and doubt that the initiates of the Sibelius cult, or those who profess a painful allergy to his music will derive much satisfaction from this criticism.

In the opening chapter, we find the violinist in Hamburg; the year 1927, the occasion a Beethoven Festival, the conductor, the aging but formidable Karl Muck, the soloist, Albert Spaulding in Beethoven's matchless concerto, as beautiful in 1944 as when the ink was scarcely dry. We like the warm and persuasive writing about this masterpiece, and agree with the estimate of Dr. Muck, a stern and uncompromising musical practitioner, who conducted the great German classics with eloquence and sincerity. Mr. Spalding deftly and discreetly disposes of his more questionable conduct in wartime. Incidentally, how different the artistic climate of Symphony Hall in Boston, and Carnegie Hall in New York, where Dr. Muck's beautifully planned performances were sometimes resented or questioned, but rarely openly challenged.

After this purely musical curtain raiser, Mr. Spalding relates, without any rigid chronological scheme, and with easy grace, impressions of family, and surroundings in New York and Florence, his beginnings in music, his successful examination at Bologna —where he succeeded as only one other candidate so young, Mozart, had done some one hundred and thirty years before. Thereafter the great and the near great make their appearance in the varied gallery of friends and acquaintances. There is no venom on his pen. A few pretentious bores are neatly handled with a deflationary pinprick. The style and language are consistently polished and "civilized," so that the non-musical reader will rarely be lost in professional terminology. The book is throughout a collection of reminiscences about people and things incident to the writer's single-minded ambition to acquire a sound technique, and to become a virtuoso of repute. His Guarnerius, seldom mentioned, is none the less an ever-present protagonist. It must give Mr. Spalding satisfaction to feel that he has found self-expression with his pen as well as his fiddle.

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An Interpretation of the Brahms Paradox

BRAHMS THE MASTER. By Madeleine Goss and Robert Haven Schauffler. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1943. 351 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DANIEL GREGORY MASON

THE method of so-called "fictionized biography" (to call it biography at all is stretching a point, since our first instinctive demand in reading biography is to know what is true, whether or not it be "strange") is never more malapropos than when applied to musicians. The kind of truth about a composer like Brahms that can be presented through fiction is apt to be at best irrelevant, at worst inept, trivial, even misleading. Whether as a child he was always called "Hannes," whether his mother habitually limped, whether his father interlarded his conversation with modern slang phrases such as "Believe it or not," as we are thrice in this book assured that he did, whether his later friend Epstein interlarded with his explosive "Ha's!" all these Dickens-like rubber-stamp methods of "characterization" irritate us in proportion as we become interested in the most interesting thing about Brahms—his music.

When we have a chance, moreover, to verify these alleged facts, when, that is, they do touch on music itself, the result is not always reassuring. Though we are told three times that the nearest Brahms could get to spelling in musical letters the name of his one-time love Agathe von Siebold, in his G major Sextet, was AGALDE, we happen to know otherwise, as the score plainly shows the theme to be AGAHE (H being the German for our B-natural). We cannot help wondering why, too, if themes are to be quoted in music type at all, the almost too familiar traditional "Gaudeamus Igitur," in an unplayable piano reduction, should be the only one quoted from the Academic Festival Overture, and the one supposed to resemble Beethoven's "Hymn of Joy" the only one from the First Symphony. And this although the authors immediately add Brahms's own comment on such resemblances: "Every donkey hears that."

All this is surprising when we recall the interesting and well-documented book, "The Unknown Brahms," of one of our two authors. The present book decidedly improves, too, as soon as it passes the "Hannes" period of baby-talk and sentimentalized love-episodes, and begins to build up, in the more solid chapters "Flying Melodies" and "Onkel Balms," a picture of the mature man. There are a few unfamiliar and good anecdotes, such as that of the "female piano-beast," as Brahms called her, who endangered his hard-won quiet at No. 4 Karlsgasse. His landlady persuaded her to learn the zither, and "the tones of the zither were so weak that the composer was no longer disturbed." There is above all his truly Brahmsian reaction to the presentation to him of the freedom of the City of Hamburg, his birthplace which had so long failed to appreciate him. "This is the best that could come to me from mankind," he said with emotion. "And yet," he added thoughtfully, "to write a beautiful melody is better than any decoration, and to compose a good symphony, than an honorary citizenship."

From the last and best third of the book something of the strange paradox of Brahms's character emerges: his love of children, his hatred of flattery, his gruff honesty, his mingled arrogance and humility. Best of all, we learn of his artistic conscience, his veneration for composers greater than himself, the steadfastness of his lifelong struggle toward the perfection he knew unattainable. Of one of the most moving examples of that, his complete rewriting at fifty-eight of his first chamber-music work, the B major Trio, composed at twenty-one, we are given a glimpse rather tantalizing in its vagueness. "He rewrote it assiduously, cutting out 533 measures, and vastly improving it." Perhaps perversely, we cannot help wishing the authors of this book would try the same methods.

A Collection of Musicana

THE MUSIC LOVER'S HANDBOOK. Edited by Elie Siegmeister. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1943. 817 *pp.* $4.

Reviewed by WILLIAM J. MITCHELL

MUSICAL America's thirst for knowledge is attested by the flood of popular books that has engulfed us within the last decade. From its muddy waters Elie Siegmeister, editor of the "Music Lover's Handbook," has syphoned off more than enough to suffice for a clinical analysis. In some 800 pages he has included selections, articles, and interviews touching on many fields. The contributors are for the most part practitioners, radio commentators, journalists, and program annotators. In addition to selecting, arranging, and editing the material he has contributed numerous articles, footnotes, emendatory, cautionary, dilative, and autobiographical notices.

The challenge of popular writing, to give clear and simple exposition to all that is vital and to avoid all that is accessory or casual, remains largely unanswered. In fact, very few of the contributors reveal acquaintance with recent trends and findings of musical research or any broad vision of the foundations of the art. In his introduction Mr. Siegmeister writes,—"a new concept of music arises, in which the greater and smaller masterpieces are seen as part of the movement and meaning of life as a whole." But turning to the contributions we find instead of an account of the enthralling epic of musical history with its rise and fall of styles, and its constantly shifting relationships to all of man's activities, a succession of sketchy biographies replete with notices of birth and death, dates of compositions, likes and dislikes, chit-chat, and highly personal estimates of the merits of the music. Chopin, we read, "did not have his first sexual experience until 1834 or 1835." Bring on those Nocturnes! This type of vital and absorbing musicological datum is withheld from the articles on our contemporaries. "Of the two Scarlattis—it is hard to say which had the more genius." We wait tremulously for a decision. In other cases the hierarchy of greatness is evidently easier to establish. Haydn's symphonies "rank just below the best of Mozart and Beethoven." A few articles, those on Handel and the Romantic Movement, for example, stand out by contrast in this and other sections of the "Handbook." "In the Concert Hall" limits its analytic comments to works for orchestra, leaving untouched solo literature, chamber and choral works. The contents of these papers will be recognized by many, for their sources are chiefly program notes and radio broadcasts. Occasional quotation of themes stripped of accompaniment and tempo marks reveals a Procrustean touch somewhere along the line. Some are too long, others too short, but all fit the page. Invaluable aid for the listener is provided by information that a Haydn symphony was probably written at No. 1 Bury Street, St. James.

Many of the errors are of an elementary nature. Bar and measure are confused; harmonic and polyphonic are posted as opposites; trombones steal msyteriously into the analysis of the *Eroica*.

Missing from the "Handbook" are articles on Arnold Schönberg and Jan Sibelius, while eleven pages are devoted to the latter's successor and new heavyweight champion, Dmitri Shostakovitch.

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2000 Years of Music

A SHORT HISTORY OF MUSIC. By Donald Ferguson. New York: F. S. Crofts and Co. 1943. 500 *pp., with appendix and index.* $4.50.

Reviewed by WILLARD RHODES

THE critical reader of history is always interested in discovering the philosophical base and theoretical framework of the historian's work. In the preface Professor Ferguson's humanistic approach is unequivocally stated in his belief "that music, like all the other arts, is rooted in the common experience of humanity; that its highest function is to express the meaning of such experience; and that its forms, its laws, and its whole historic evolutions are constantly responsive to the trend of human impulse."

Designed as a text-book for college students in the Freshman and Sophomore years, "A Short History of Music" follows closely the general plan of the author's "History of Musical Thought" which first appeared in 1935. Though the material is basically the same as that of the earlier work, much of it has been revised, simplified, and rewritten for the underclassmen whom Professor Ferguson's pedagogical experience qualifies him to address. Despite the multitude of detail that fights for space in an account of 2000 years of musical development, the thread of continuity is clearly evident throughout the narrative. One regrets, however, that the author's intense preoccupation with the technicalities of musical forms and their evolution has at times obscured the more interesting matters of style and the dynamic processes of change. The historian's problem of balance and proportion is indeed a delicate one. The course of music has been presented in its larger social setting and the major historical movements, Christianity, the Reformation, the Renaissance, and the French Revolution have been cited for their influence on artistic activity, but no attempt is made at a synthesis of the arts. This is the more commendable today when the vogue for correlation, integration, and analogies of the arts has been pushed to the extreme.

To the debit side of Professor Ferguson's ledger are to be charged the following items: undue dependence on the "Oxford History of Music," a work which has long been dated and an object of criticism, such minor errors as the perpetuation of the legend explaining the name of Clemens non Papa, the account of Gluck's Reform which fails to give proper recognition to Calzabigi for his share in this movement, and the unpardonable quotation of Lawrence Gilman's extravagant "value judgments" of three American works as "the best," "the finest," "the greatest."

In a world of expanding horizons it is unfortunate that no reference is made to musical systems other than that of our Western European culture. A short paragraph apprising the student of the highly developed and sophisticated music of the Orient would certainly give him a truer perspective of his own music. Likewise the music of South America, though it has played a negligible role in the long history of this art, is deserving of some consideration. In a recent essay, "History, Popular and Unpopular," Jacques Barzun wrote, "we require history written by our contemporaries whom we understand so that our minds may be fitted and reshaped for dealing, not with a crisis once every ten years, but for dealing with life itself, everyday; for spiritual balance, for political, artistic, and social judgment, in a word for the conquest of provincialism—the provincialism of self, the provincialism of place, the provincialism of time." It is here that the author, despite the freedom from bias which he dispassionately maintains in the interpretation of his material, fails to realize completely the scope of his assignment. "A Short History of Music" is a good text-book and will prove serviceable in the classroom. However, we had hoped for something more significant from the distinguished writer of "A History of Musical Thought."

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Books on Music in 1943

A Selected and Annotated Compilation

RICHARD S. ANGELL

THE following list has been compiled for the general reader who wishes to review the year's output in the field. It aims to present those books which will for various reasons have or deserve the chief claim upon his attention, and to offer a brief description and critical estimate which will assist him in making selections.

It is not a list of all of the books on music of the year or of only the best ones. It omits, for example, school texts, unless designated also for the general reader; nearly all juveniles; most pamphlets; and all items not available in the trade.

The list is confined, with perhaps one exception, to books published in the United States. A few titles from 1942, indicated by their dates, are included. Prices have been taken from reliable sources, but are, of course, in present circumstances not guaranteed.

Since librarians have found a similar earlier list (*SRL*, January 30, 1943) useful, their needs have been kept in mind in the choice and description of titles and in the inclusion of a section on music library literature.

Introductory Guides

MCKINNEY, Howard D. and ANDERSON, W. R. "The Challenge of Listening." Rutgers University Press. 302 pp. $2.75.

More serious and penetrating and with more material on the role of the performer than most "how to listen" books; but the "rating lists" for judging composers and performers demand technical training.

MCKINNEY, Howard D. and ANDERSON, W. R. "Discovering Music." 2d ed. American Book Co. 470 pp. $3.75.

Designed for a year's college course in appreciation, the original edition of 1934 has been expanded by several new chapters. Contains record lists, topics for discussion, suggested reading, glossary, biographical list, and chronological chart.

SIEGMEISTER, Elie, editor. "The Music Lover's Handbook." William Morrow. 817 pp. $4.

A *pasticcio* made up from a few good and many indifferent sources, the whole highly seasoned with the editor's often arbitrary judgments in his footnotes and own contributions.

SPAETH, Sigmund. "A Guide to Great Orchestral Music." Modern Library. 532 pp. $1.45.

This is one of many books on music that make these assumptions: that orchestral music consists of an aggregation of "tunes"; that these tunes can be presented to the layman, in any snippet that fits the type-page, without mark or indication of tempo, accent, dynamics, or phrasing; that the layman can become acquainted with them in this form by picking them out on the piano "or some other instrument"; and that all he needs to do then is to hear the symphonies, etc., over and over again. There must be a lot of people by now who have found out that this just won't work.

STOKOWSKI, Leopold. "Music for All of Us." Simon & Schuster. 340 pp. $2.50.

Such a large canvas is chosen that the treatment of topics is necessarily sketchy. One wishes that the author had left the conventional areas to those who have already done them at least as well and concentrated on his specialties, especially his study of all the applications of electricity to the production and reproduction of music.

History and Criticism

General

ALLEN, Warren D. "Our Marching Civilization: An Introduction to the Study of Music and Society." Stanford University Press. 116 pp. $2.50.

The first part, a sketch of the role of the march (but really of many types of music) in social history; the second, a survey of recent history and a plea for future world collaboration, using in part a musical vocabulary.

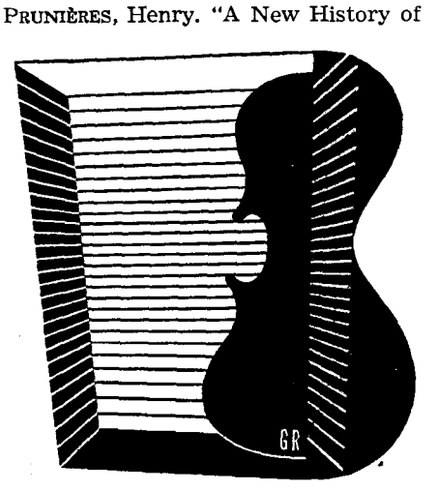
DORIAN, Frederick. "The History of Music in Performance; the Art of Musical Interpretation from the Renaissance to Our Day." Norton. 387 pp. $4.

Although not a definitive work, to be welcomed as the first general study in English.

FERGUSON, Donald N. "A Short History of Music." F. S. Crofts. 500 pp. $4.50.

Condensed and rewritten from his *History of Musical Thought* (1935), designed and much used as a college text. In the main, a conventional history chiefly from the older English sources.

PRUNIÈRES, Henry. "A New History of Music: the Middle Ages to Mozart." With an introduction by Romain Rolland. Translated from the French by Edward Lockspeiser. Macmillan. 413 pp. $5.



The "Nouvelle" in Prunières title was valid in Paris in 1934 but not in New York in 1943. This is only half of his projected work. It does offer, however, a more detailed treatment than other English works of comparable scope, of French and Italian instrumental and dramatic music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—Prunières's specialty.

SACHS, Curt. "The Rise of Music in the Ancient World, East and West." Norton. 324 pp. $5.

The first comprehensive study in any language of oriental musical systems and their relation to the music of the West. Summarizes the results of modern research in several of the most difficult areas of music history. The vocabulary is technical.

National and Local

ERSKINE, John. "The Philharmonic-Symphony Society of New York: Its First Hundred Years; with Programs of Subscription Concerts, 1917-1942." Macmillan. 168 pp. $2.50.

Amplifies the records by Krehbiel (1892) and Huneker (1917) on previous anniversaries and completes the record of the activities, conductors, and programs of the first century of the country's first orchestra.

JOHNSON, H. Earle. "Musical Interludes in Boston, 1795-1830." Foreword by Otto Kinkelday. Columbia University Press. 366 pp. $4. (Columbia University Studies in Musicology, No. 5.)

Concert life, musical organizations, personalities and enterprises in Boston's emergence into the nineteenth century. The result of painstaking research in original sources.

NEWMARCH, Rosa. "The Music of Czechoslovakia." Oxford. 244 pp. $2.75.

This first English work on the subject is a history from about 1620 to the 1920's, principally on Smetana and his successors, by one who knew the language, the people, and the music.

Biography and Memoirs

Collected

EWEN, David. "Dictators of the Baton." Alliance. 346 pp. $3.50.

Biographies and critical and personal portraits of thirty of the leading conductors now functioning in the United States. Very fair balancing of criticism and praise. Includes sketches of the history of several of the orchestras.

LEONARD, Richard A. "The Stream of Music." Doubleday. 478 pp. $4.50.

Life and works of seventeen composers from Bach to Sibelius. Facts and judgments not new, but a successful example of this method of writing music history, which has evident limitations.

Individual

BEECHAM, Sir Thomas. "Mingled Chime; an Autobiography." Putnam. 330 pp. $3.50.

The English conductor, now resident

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and active in the United States, who has done much for orchestral music and opera in his own country, writes not very excitingly of his career up to 1924.

BURK, John. "The Life and Works of Beethoven." Random House. 483 pp. $2.75.

A non-controversial life, followed by a classified list of the works, most of them annotated, especially those in the larger forms. Fifteen-page bibliography of phonograph records. The author is the program-book annotator of the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

LUDWIG, Emil. "Beethoven: The Life of a Conqueror." Translated from the German by George Stewart McManus. Putnam. 356 pp. $3.75.

An earnest, dramatic life interspersed with what the author himself calls "psychological analyses" of the works; that is, the succession of visual images "I have sketched during many years of listening." Intentionally, a soul portrait of Beethoven, by Ludwig.

BEREZOWSKY, Alice. "Duet with Nicky." Lippincott. 239 pp. $2.75.

Unusually sprightly account of the comings and goings of a gifted couple in the musical capitals of two worlds between two wars. The subject is Nicolai Berezowsky, the violinist and composer.

SMITH, Mortimer. "The Life of Ole Bull." Princeton University Press. 275 pp. $3.

A personality study and record of the career of the famous nineteenth-century Norwegian "wizard of the violin," who was well known in the United States.

MAISEL, Edward M. "Charles T. Griffes." Knopf. 360 pp. $3.50.

The first biography of this important American composer. Corrects several legends but is marred by an often disputatious tone.

SEROFF, Victor. "Dmitri Shostakovich; the Life and Background of a Soviet Composer." In collaboration with Nadejda Galli-Shokat, aunt of the composer. Knopf. x, 260, vii pp. $3.

Necessarily inconclusive, this first biography has valuable material on an important career.

SPALDING, Albert. "Rise to Follow; an Autobiography." Holt. 328 pp. $3.50.

In even tenor, with many an anecdote, one of the outstanding American violinists tells the story of his years of study, travel, and accomplishment.

WEINSTOCK, Herbert. "Tchaikovsky." Knopf. 386 pp. $5.

The first complete English biography, which makes use of the Tchaikovsky documents recently published in Russia and fills out the deliberately incomplete picture presented by brother Modeste. Not intended as a critical study of the music. Extensive catalogue of works.

HOELLER, Susanne W. "Arturo Toscanini, a Photo-Biography." Island Press. 56 pp. $3.

Fifty-one photographs of the maestro and his circle, on and off duty, at all stages of his career. Brief sketch of career by Robert Haven Schauffler. A limited edition ($5) substitutes for the latter an introduction by Dorothy Thompson.

Opera

DIKE, Helen. "Stories From the Great Metropolitan Operas." Illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren. Officially sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera Guild, Inc. Random House. 247 pp. $2.50.

Scene-by-scene stories of twenty-five of the most popular operas in the Metropolitan repertory with 100 illustrations in color, not, to me, in Tenggren's best vein. Especially for the younger "Met" audience.

LOEWENBERG, Alfred. "Annals of Opera, 1597-1940." Introduction by Edward J. Dent. Broude Brothers. 879 pp. $25.

Chronological list with all necessary indexes of some 3700 operas, with date, place and theatre of first and many subsequent performances, notes on librettists, versions, etc. First work of its kind for nearly forty years and essential for all historical work in the field.

NEWMAN, Ernest. "More Stories of Famous Operas." Knopf. 585 pp. $4.

Adding twenty-nine operas, some of them among the less familiar, to the three volumes of his earlier "Stories."

PELTZ, Mary E. "Spotlights on the Stars." Metropolitan Opera Guild. 114 pp. $1.

"Intimate sketches of Metropolitan Opera personalities."

Songs and Song Collections

ADLER, Kurt. "Songs of Many Wars, from the Sixteenth to the Twentieth Centuries." Howell, Soskin. 221 pp. $3.

Excellent collection. Good versions. English texts, usually with several verses, some with original language also. Historical introduction to each section and notes to each song.

CARMER, Carl, Editor. "Songs of the Rivers of America." Music arranged by Albert Sirmay. Farrar & Rinehart. 196 pp. $3.50.

Valuable supplement to the Rivers of America series.

(*Please turn to next page*)

The Psychology *of* MUSIC

By

MAX SCHOEN

Head, Department of Psychology and Education, Carnegie Institute of Technology.

PROFESSOR SCHOEN offers, in his book, a well-selected and balanced assortment of material which will interest musician, psychologist, and music lover. The first chapters deal with musical sensations—our immediate auditory experience of tones in isolation and in their successive and simultaneous combinations which constitute the basis of melody and harmony. Later chapters treat the effect of music on our imagination, ideas, feelings, and emotions.

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CHEN, Chin-Hsin Yao and CHEN, Shih-hsiang. "The Flower Drum, and Other Chinese Songs." Foreword by Pearl S. Buck. Preface by Henry Cowell. John Day. 64 pp. $2.50.

Only collection of its kind known to me. Accompaniments are not harmonizations but settings in the native style. Texts in English and Chinese.

DOWNES, Olin and SIEGMEISTER, Elie, Editors. "Treasury of American Song." 2d ed. rev. and enl. Knopf. 408 pp. $5.

Expanded edition of a valuable collection. Mr. Siegmeister has arranged all of the accompaniments, even when originals exist.

JACKSON, George Pullen. "Down-East Spirituals and Others." Augustin. 296 pp. $5.50.

300 songs, including many from the North, supplementing his "Spiritual Folk-Songs of Early America."

JACKSON, George Pullen. "White and Negro Spirituals: Their Life Span and Kinship." Amplified by a collection of 116 songs presented in both White-and Black-sung versions. Augustin. 330 pp. $5.50.

Traces "the beginnings of all our American religious folk songs" and purports to solve the problem of the origin of the Negro spiritual.

LOESSER, Arthur. "Humor in American Song." Arrangements by Alfred Kugel. 1942. Howell, Soskin. 317 pp. $3.75.

A selection of about ninety songs, with simple piano accompaniments, illustrating the humorous aspects of chapters in American social history.

WHEELER, Opal. "Sing for Christmas; a Round of Carols and Stories of the Carols." Illustrated by Gustaf Tenggren. Dutton. 127 pp. $2.50.

A good collection of the favorites, with stories of their origins, a feature not found in other collections.

Harmony, Counterpoint, Composition

CARNER, Mosco. "Contemporary Harmony." 1942. B. F. Wood. 80 pp. $2.25.

Historical and technical account for the student-composer. Sequel to René Lenormand's "Harmony in France to 1914" (1940).

FUX, Johann Joseph. "Steps to Parnassus, the Study of Counterpoint." Translated and edited by Alfred Mann with the collaboration of John St. Edmunds. Norton. 156 pp. $3.

Part of Book II of Fux's famous "Gradus ad Parnassum" (Vienna, 1725)—after 200 years still the basis of scholastic counterpoint—is now available in English for the first time (except for an unsatisfactory 18th century version). This is a translation of "Exercises" 1-3, that is, the sections on counterpoint in two, three, and four parts in the five species.

HINDEMITH, Paul. "Concentrated Course in Traditional Harmony." Associated Music Publishers. 125 pp. $1.50.

Condensed and purposely quite categorical textbook for the author's Yale classes.

HINDEMITH, Paul. "The Craft of Musical Composition." Book I, Theoretical part, translated by Arthur Mendel, $4. Book II, Exercises in two-part writing, translated by Otto Ortmann, $3. 1941-42. Associated Music Publishers.

Book I is an attempt, by one of the great living composer-teachers, to set up a theory of composition valid for the whole history of Western European music. Book II is the first of the uncompleted practical part; for beginners working with a teacher.

SCHOENBERG, Arnold. "Models for Beginners in Composition." G. Schirmer. Syllabus and glossary, 16 pp.; examples, 45 pp. $2.

The basic materials for a concentrated course in composition. Should yield excellent results in the hands of a skilful teacher who will familiarize himself with the special vocabulary. Not for self-study.

Other Matters

BARTHOLOMEW, Wilmer T. "Acoustics of Music." 1942. Prentice-Hall. xvi, 242 pp. $3.

The least technical and generally most readable recent English book on this basic subject.

PANASSIÉ, Hugues. "The Real Jazz." Translated by Anne Sorelle Williams; adapted for American publication by Charles Edward Smith. 1942. Smith & Durrell. 326 pp. $2.50. History, players, records. A copious appendix lists the discs, with re-issue and cut-out notes, for the collector.

TAUBMAN, Howard. "Music on My Beat, an Intimate Volume of Shop Talk." Simon & Schuster. 275 pp. $2.50.

Interesting and often very amusing comment and anecdote on most aspects and personalities of the current musical scene, especially in New York. The author also raises some serious questions that need answering.

Music Libraries and Librarianship

MUSIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. "Code for Cataloging Phonograph Records." 1942. Washington (Catherine V. Nimitz, D. C. Public Library, Secretary) 28 leaves. Mimeographed.

A technical manual for cataloguers and administrators. Designed as an integral part of the Association's "Code for Cataloguing Music," 1941.

MUSIC LIBRARY ASSOCIATION. "Music and Libraries." Selected papers of the Association, presented at its 1942 meetings, ed. by Richard S. Hill. The Association. 69 pp. $1.

Partial contents: "Materials for the Study of Latin American Music," Gilbert Chase; "Music in Wartime and Post-War America," Edwin Hughes; "The Music Librarian and the Music Publisher," Gustave Reese; "Early American Publications in the Field of Music," William Treat Upton.

Phonograph Records

HAGGIN, Bernard H. "Music on Records." 3d ed., rev. Knopf. 254 pp. $2.

Evaluations of music, criteria for judging performances, followed by alphabetical annotated list of recordings, brought through August, 1943, in an appendix. Straight thinking and plain language on many unsound reputations, but the positiveness has some danger for the beginner.

HALL, David. "The Record Book." Complete edition. Smith & Durrell. 1063 pp. $4.95.

The most voluminous of the annotated lists and one of the best. Completed to August 1, 1943 and provided with composer and artist indexes.

Reference Works

HENDELSON, William and ZUCKER, Paul. "The Music Lovers' Almanac." Doubleday. Unpaged. $3.95.

A day to a page, each with two to four anniversaries (from the 16th to the 20th centuries); a portrait, scene, or cartoon (usually connected with one of the dates); and an article (usually suggested by one of the dates or pictures). Offered as a reference book, it has to be used through the index, but tediously.

THOMPSON, Oscar, Ed. "International Cyclopedia of Music and Musicians." New ed. rev. and enl. Dodd, Mead. 2376 pp. $15.

Essentially, as the *verso* of the title-page confesses, only a "2d printing" of the original edition of 1938, which was and is a valuable though uneven general encyclopedia.

SCHOLES, Percy A. "The Oxford Companion to Music." 2d American ed. rev. Oxford. 1132 pp. $7.50.

A good general reference work for the general reader. Includes musicians (especially composers), terms, forms, instruments, historical and contemporary topics. Some of the historical articles weak and the critical material often superficial. Over 1,000 small illustrations. No bibliography, but there is a separate supplement, prepared for the first edition (1938), which is one of the best lists of books on music in English.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. W. S. Gilbert: "The Pirates of Penzance."
2. Kipling: "Mandalay."
3. Amy Lowell: "Patterns."
4. Becket: "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."
5. Edward Rowland Sill: "The Fool's Prayer."
6. Vachel Lindsay: "The Congo."
7. Shakespeare: "Sonnet XXX."
8. Robert Herrick: "Upon Julia's Clothes."
9. Milton: "L'Allegro."
10. Shelley: "Ode to the West Wind."
11. Leigh Hunt: "Abou Ben Adhem."
12. Charles Lamb: "The Old Familiar Faces."
13. Keats: "Ode to a Nightingale."
14. Lewis Carroll: "Father William."
15. Rossetti: "A Ballad of Dead Ladies."
16. Southey: "The Battle of Blenheim."
17. Elizabeth Browning: "How Do I Love Thee?"
18. Browning: "Incident at a French Camp."
19. Tennyson: "Sweet and Low."
20. Edward Lear: "The Owl and the Pussycat."

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Music of the Old Civilizations

THE RISE OF MUSIC IN THE ANCIENT WORLD, EAST AND WEST. By Curt Sachs. New York: W. W. Norton & Company. 1943. 324 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by GEORGE HERZOG

THE tunes of our prehistoric ancestors are a matter for speculation. The styles of primitive peoples or of Oriental cultures that have survived into our day are terra incognita to most scholars of music. The music of the old Mediterranean and Near Eastern civilizations—Egypt, Babylonia, Palestine—has shrunk to the pictorial evidence and some museum specimens of musical instruments, unless we add the shaky testimony of Jewish synagogal chanting. The music of ancient Greece is an old battlefield of scholarship; its survivals, the voluminous theoretical literature, and some ten fragmentary notations of melodies, are difficult to interpret. Yet these areas outside our own bailiwick, of music that is "savage," "exotic," or seemingly mummified, are worthy of our interest. It is only through them that we can significantly enlarge the perspective of our musical experience, discover general processes of musical development, and throw more light on the early history of our own music.

The cultivation of these areas so distant from our musical practice has been left largely to a rather recent branch of musical study: Comparative Musicology. The late Erich von Hornbostel, practically the founder of this study, gave it a point of view freed of our musical preconceptions and biases. To one of his collaborators, the late Robert Lachmann, we owe an excellent little book in German on Oriental music. Apart from it, the findings of the comparative field have not been so far presented to the musical world in a unified fashion. Building on the foundations laid by his predecessors and colleagues, Professor Sachs gives us now such a picture. Incorporated in it are the results of his own research on the music of ancient Greece and of Near Eastern antiquity, of his worldwide studies of musical instruments, the dance, and their bearing on music itself. He presents an exceedingly alive and stimulating view of how music as a sophisticated art and a rational system arose in highly complex civilizations. He sees the start from similar antecedents, some simple musical matrix such as we still find with contemporary primitives; from a foundation of modest folk melodies and instruments and a practice little concerned with analysis. The development followed different lines in the different centers; the old Western Orient, Classical Antiquity, the Arabic World, Eastern Asia, and India. But almost everywhere there came a great elaboration of instruments, a growth of complex musical theory and rationalization, beginnings of music notation, and an expansion into highly refined and varied musical forms. Everywhere there flowed a double stream of thought, one concerned with music itself, one with the connections it was felt to have with the physical and the spiritual world. Much of the treatment is devoted to the theoretical and ideological superstructure of music, less to the musical materials themselves which show a more divergent development.

Professor Sachs's book represents a heroic and also daring accomplishment. It brings into an organized scheme a great diversity of materials that are scattered, uneven, incomplete; it offers ingenious solutions for old controversies. The point of view illuminates the various provinces of this musical world in great detail, yet it suffuses the whole with a homogeneity, and brings it closer to the genesis of our Occidental music than seemed possible heretofore. It goes without saying that such a broad and sweeping picture, stimulating and provocative all along, required occasional oversimplification and cutting of corners. Else, in the present state of our knowledge, the book could not have been written. The more credit to its author for having taken the risks in his stride. Many of his suggestions and theories will be tackled by the specialists with zeal. Patient scrutiny will contradict some interpretations, it will no doubt substantiate many of the intuitive insights. But the essential contents of the book, the conception and points of view, stand for a lasting intellectual and esthetic achievement. The general reader can promise himself an interesting tour through new musical perspectives that will open up for him, he will gain a viewpoint which will help him to approach music outside his usual experience.

American Music Underground

COAL DUST ON THE FIDDLE
Songs and Stories of the Bituminous Industry
By
GEORGE KORSON

"I liked George Korson's earlier book, 'Minstrels of the Mine Patch,' but this new volume is even better. Its primary intention is to present the songs and ballads of the miners of bituminous coal, and Korson has brought together the words of some 150 of these songs, collected from all of the bituminous coal fields of the country. Excellent transcriptions of the music of some of the songs have been made."—J. T. Frederick in the CHICAGO SUN

460 pages, $3.50

MINSTRELS OF THE MINE PATCH
Songs and Stories of the Anthracite Industry
By
GEORGE KORSON
Second printing, 332 pages, $3.00

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA PRESS: PHILADELPHIA

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PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a special and intelligent clientèle; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, traveling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature, expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purpose and character of The Saturday Review. Ads of a strictly personal nature are limited to an exchange of correspondence, thus also enabling an exchange of reference. Rates: 10 cents per word including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received eight days in advance of publication. We forward all mail received in answer to box numbers. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

WILL REAL MAN exchange notes with real woman claiming warmth of spirit, sense of humor, and a bit of culture? No dullards! Box 11-J.

HUMAN LADY TEACHER, worried over juvenile delinquency, desires correspondents with similar problems. Box 2-J.

WHO, now, shall hear my plea?
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From him, who was lost at sea.
None but the lonely heart.
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GENTLEMAN with many interests, congenial, invites friendly letter from interesting lady. Box 4-J.

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The Crostics Club

THE two-months' old granddaughter of Mrs. Edward L. Uhl, New Haven, gave her for Christmas a copy of Series 15. Mrs. Uhl, a crossword puzzle addict, was thus started, she writes, "on a journey which will lead, God knows where." In the midst of her "agonies" an old friend and DC addict, Dr. Ella P. Warner of the English Department, New Haven High School, dropped in and made the suggestion that I might be interested in said "agonies." hence:

The puzzle's done-
The race is run-
The battle's won!

Two days of bitter struggle spent—
Odd moments only—but I went
About my dishes in a daze,
Seeking a definition, phrase.

The page is black with much erasing,
The floor is worn with restless pacing!
My table with huge tomes piled high—
"World Almanac"—"Thesaurus" dry—
A dictionary, atlas too—
Circle of Knowledge's sober blue—
A well-thumbed Shakespeare, and a book
Of operas with scornful look—
And did the family kid me sore
When I'd jump up and add some more!

Well, since it's done, I can relax—
No longer my poor bean I'll tax!

But now, I ask you what I've got—
Pray did you ever hear such rot?

"Because of the seas outside
When the ship goes wop with a wiggle between
And the steward falls into the soup-tureen
And the trunks begin to slide,
And you aren't waked or washed or dressed—
Why
You're Fifty North and Forty West!"

From Kipling so I'm told, please note!
"How the Whale got his Throat"!!

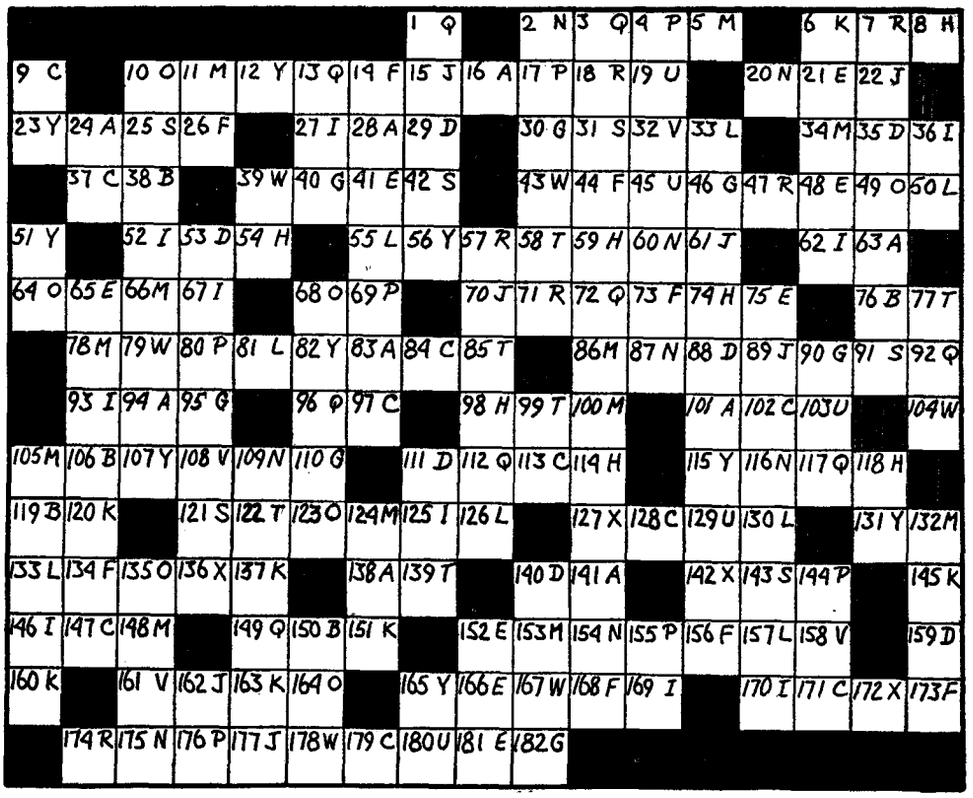
So now you know who feels like a fool—
It's your exhausted Grand-ma Uhl!

Now, did Mrs. Uhl really think that jolly quotation from Kipling was "rot," or did she merely need a word to rhyme with "got"? I can't think that one with the humor that produced the above doesn't really love those lines; or perhaps she has never been seasick, when one's least desire is to care a rap about latitude or longitude.

Do you know, speaking of humor blended with philosophy, that Rebecca McCann's "Cheerful Cherub," 1001 verses, each illustrated, has just been published complete for the first time and that you can have every day for the turning of a page such nuggets as:

I'm always losing rubbers
And breaking package strings,
Oh, the horrible importance
Of unimportant things!

E. S. K.



Double-Crostics: No. 513

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-five words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (1940 edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 7 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Having a changeable lustre or color.
B. A giant personifying the inhospitable sea (Norse Myth.)
C. A mulct or penalty at the discretion of the court.
D. Yellowish oil from the distillation of resin—a lubricant, antiseptic, etc.
E. To fly horizontal near the ground before landing (Aviation) (2 wds.)
F. Amendment to the Constitution passed Jan. 8, 1798.
G. Passed over quickly; slid.
H. First name American-born *Father of English Grammar* (1745-1826).
I. Melancholic; hypochondriac.
J. Blended; intermixed.
K. Brawny; stolid; heavy.
L. Aught.
M. The school made famous by Addison, Steele, Thackery, etc.
N. Preponderant influence or authority, espec. of a government or state.
O. Eagerly expecting (comp.)
P. Serving as a central or crucial member, factor, etc.
Q. Pertaining to the sea or ocean.
R. Antagonism, esp. when mutual.
S. Periodical edited by Defoe (with *The;* 1704—; current political topics).
T. To render universal; enlarge.
U. Intellectual or moral darkness; a period of adversity, etc.
V. Malicious grudging.
W. An open declaration.
X. *The Apostle of the Franks* (Saint; 437-533?).
Y. Settling by the stern, as a vessel under way at high speed (naut.)

WORDS

A. 16 28 83 63 138 101 24 94 141
B. 150 38 119 76 106
C. 128 97 113 84 179 171 37 102 9 147
D. 88 29 111 140 53 159 35
E. 152 181 65 166 48 21 41 75
F. 26 156 73 134 168 173 14 44
G. 46 30 40 110 182 90 95
H. 118 59 98 54 74 8 114
I. 52 27 169 93 170 62 36 125 146 67
J. 70 15 89 61 162 177 22
K. 6 151 120 160 163 137 145
L. 133 126 130 157 55 81 50 33
M. 86 148 34 11 100 5 105 124 153 132 78 66
N. 2 116 20 109 175 87 60 154
O. 164 68 49 10 123 64 135
P. 176 17 4 69 144 155 80
Q. 149 112 3 117 96 92 72 1 13
R. 7 18 57 174 47 71
S. 91 143 25 31 42 121
T. 99 58 77 122 139 85
U. 129 45 19 180 103
V. 161 32 108 158
W. 104 167 79 43 178 39
X. 136 172 127 142
Y. 23 131 56 12 115 82 107 165 51

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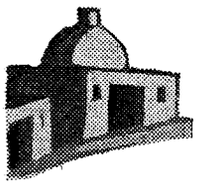

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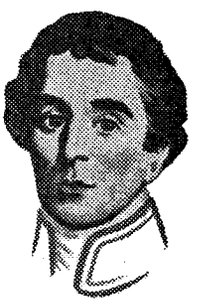

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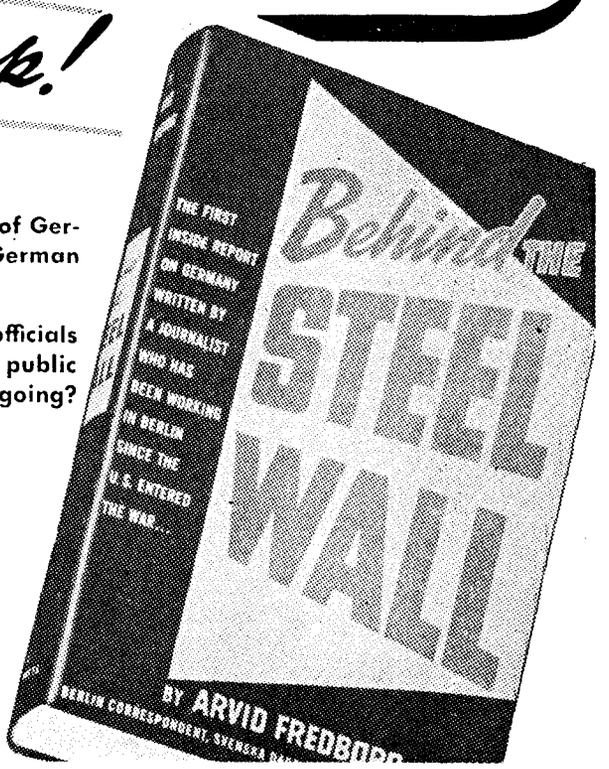
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